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CHILDREN'S ROOM.

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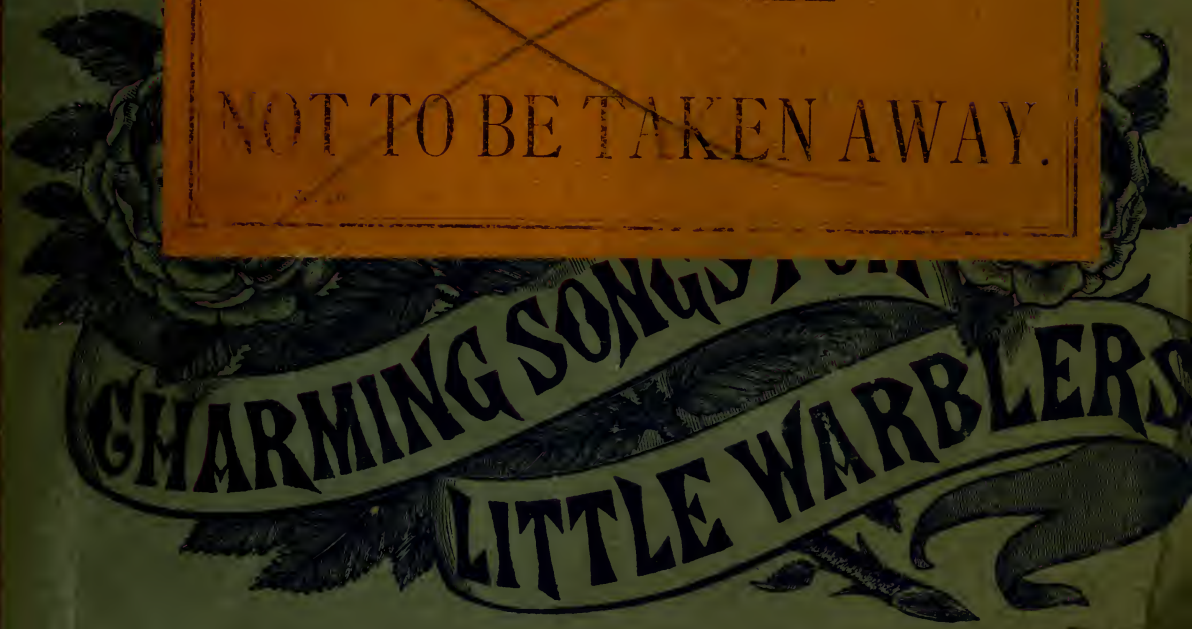

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BOSTON SCHOOL SERIES.

CHARMING SONGS

FOR

LITTLE WARBLERS.

BEING A COLLECTION OF SEVENTY-EIGHT SONGS,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARMONIUM,

Culled from the Children's Music of Every Land.

By GEORGE GILL.

BOSTON:
BOSTON SCHOOL SUPPLY COMPANY.
15 Bromfield Street.

Gift of the Publishers
through
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Apr. 23. 1900.

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C. J. PETERS & SON, ELECTROTYPERS,
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PREFACE.

LET us make the music of the school the means of inspiring our little ones with a desire for whatever is *good*, *true*, and *pure* in life; for outside the *home circle* there is no power which influences the *morality of childhood* so much as the songs and verse our children are accustomed to sing.

We should, therefore, encourage the singing of the choicest tunes only, set to words of soundest sentiment and loftiest aspirations.

"*Charming Songs*" is intended to supply a selection of simple and attractive melodies for ordinary occasions.

The *tunes* have been culled from the children's music of many climes; the *pitch* of each brings it within the register of the Infant's Voice, and the *harmonies* are so simple that the most amateur pianist will find no difficulty in playing the accompaniments.

I trust the vitality of the music, and the elevated tone of the poetry, will contribute to its due share of good in the great educational work of the *Infant School*, the *Home*, and the *Nursery*.

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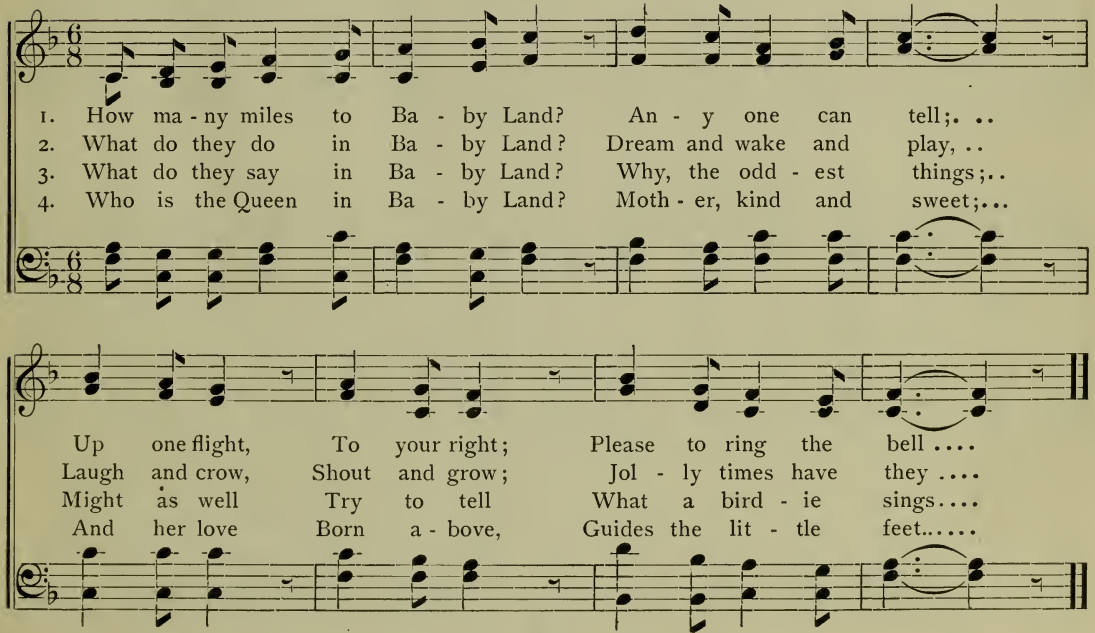
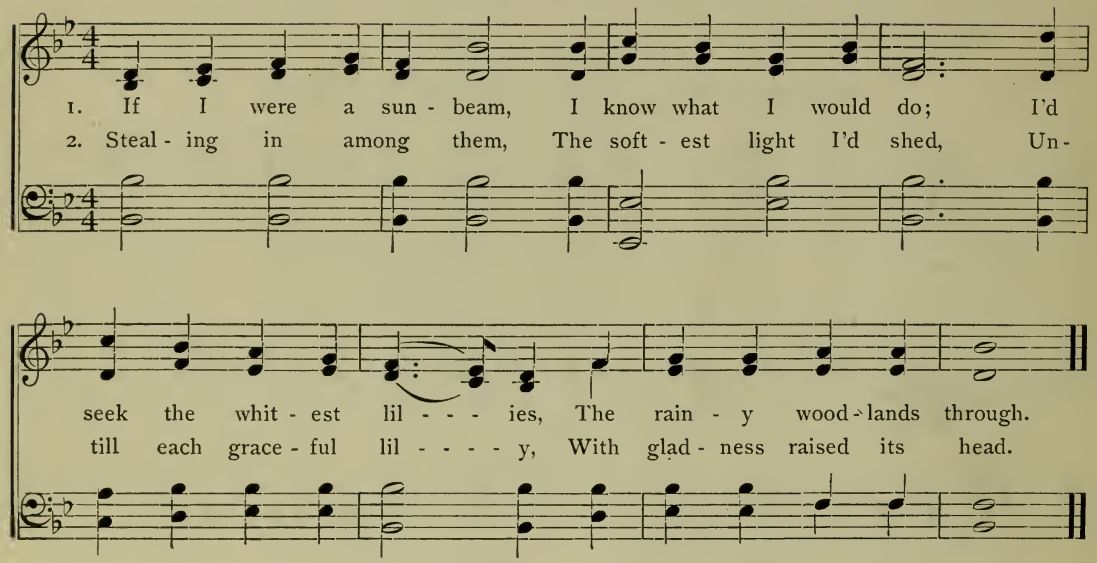
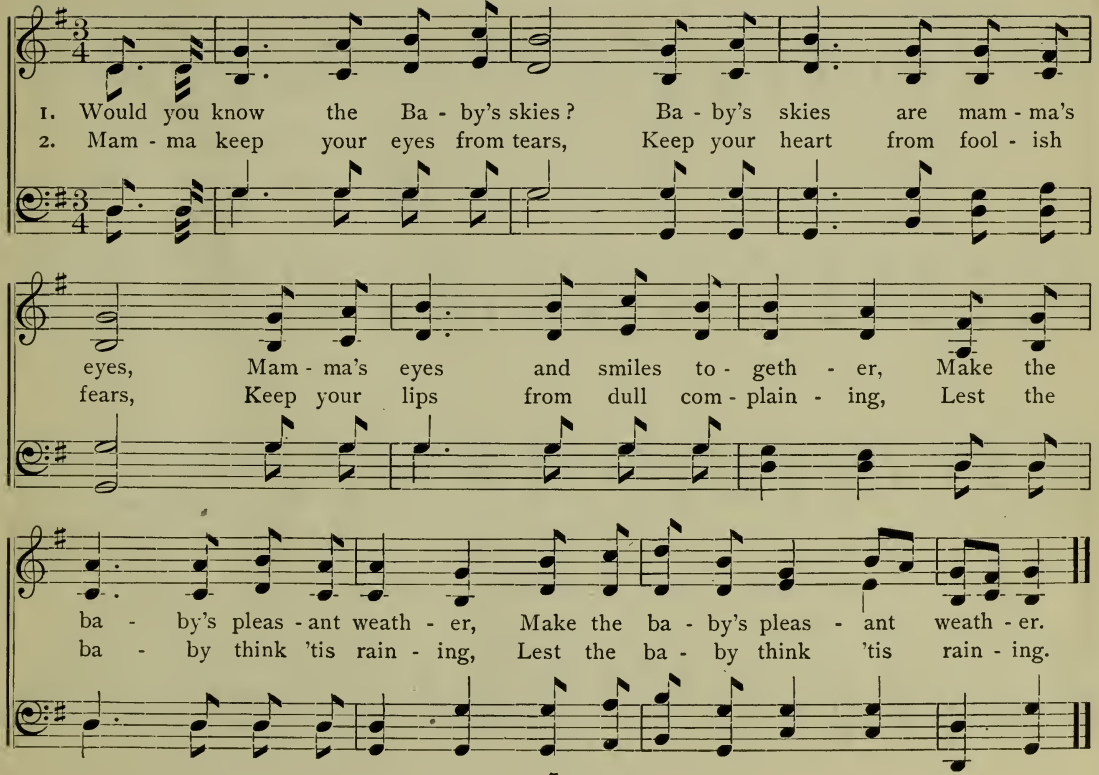
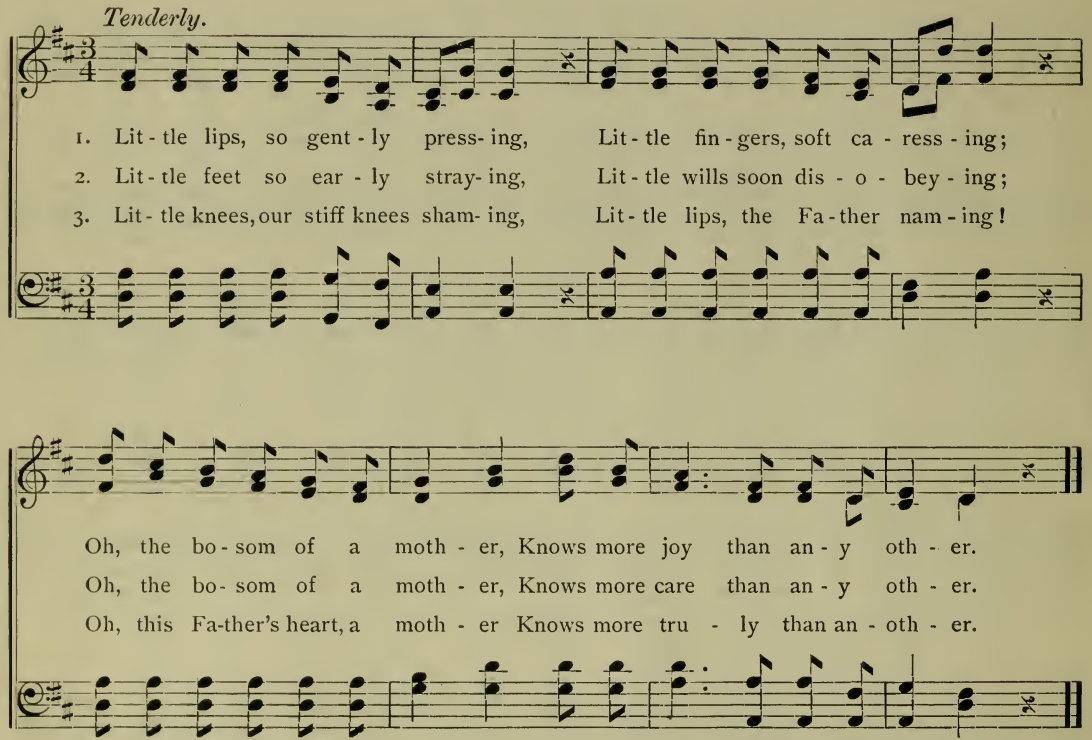
CHARMING SONGS, FOR LITTLE WARBLERS.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABY LAND?

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

3 If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I would go;
Into the lowliest hovels,
All dark with want and woe.

4 *And while* sad hearts looked upward,
I, there, would shine and shine!
Until they thought of heaven,
Their own sweet home and mine.

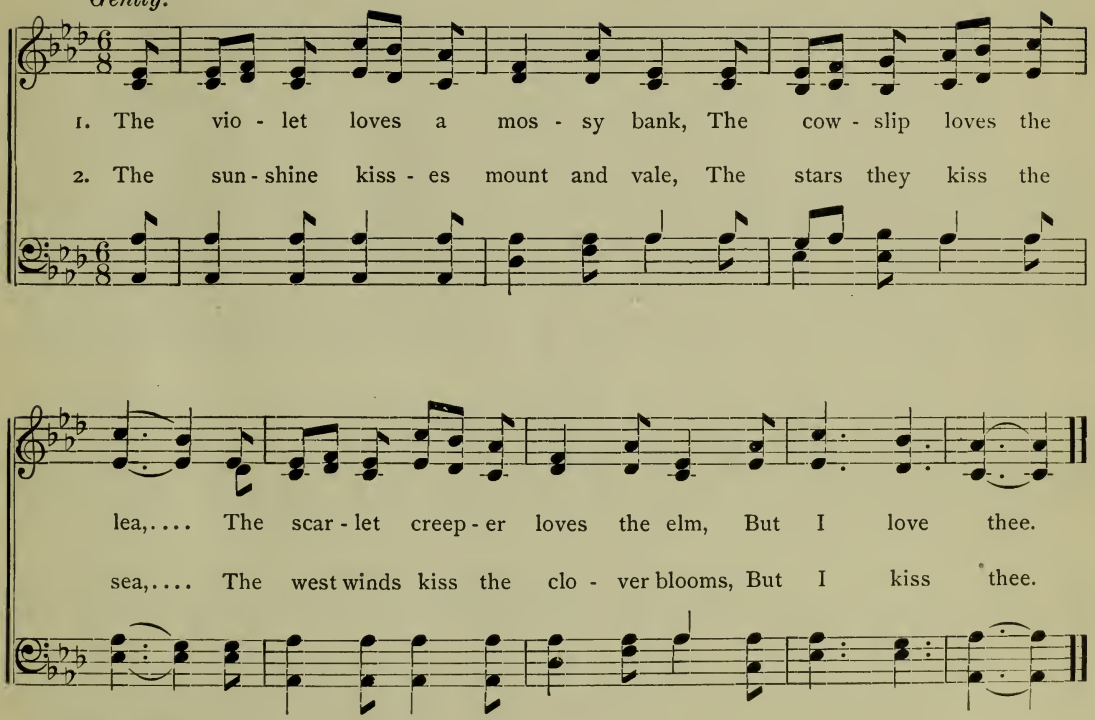
BABY'S SKIES.

1. Would you know the Ba - by's skies? Ba - by's skies are mam - ma's
2. Mam - ma keep your eyes from tears, Keep your heart from fool - ish
eyes, Mam - ma's eyes and smiles to - geth - er, Make the
fears, Keep your lips from dull com - plain - ing, Lest the
ba - by's pleas - ant weath - er, Make the ba - by's pleas - ant weath - er.
ba - by think 'tis rain - ing, Lest the ba - by think 'tis rain - ing.

LITTLE LIPS.

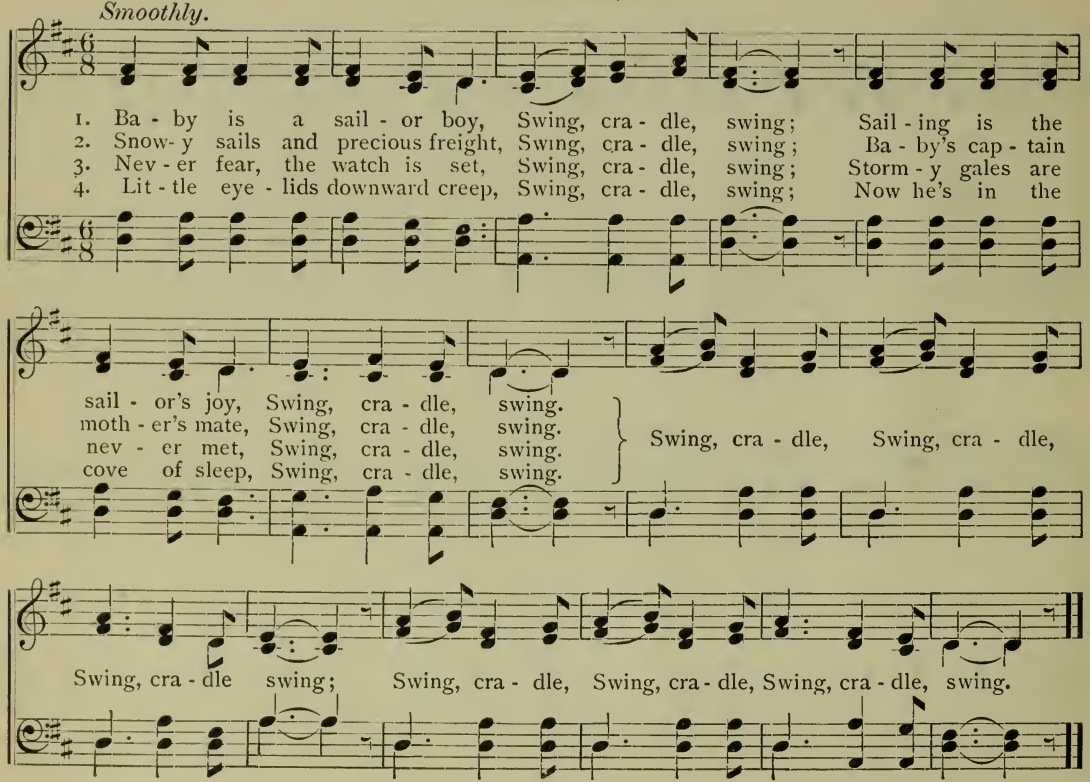

Tenderly.
1. Lit - tle lips, so gent - ly press- ing, Lit - tle fin - gers, soft ca - ress - ing;
2. Lit - tle feet so ear - ly stray- ing, Lit - tle wills soon dis - o - bey - ing;
3. Lit - tle knees, our stiff knees sham- ing, Lit - tle lips, the Fa - ther nam - ing!
Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er, Knows more joy than an - y oth - er.
Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er, Knows more care than an - y oth - er.
Oh, this Fa-ther's heart, a moth - er Knows more tru - ly than an - oth - er.

MAMMA'S LOVE.

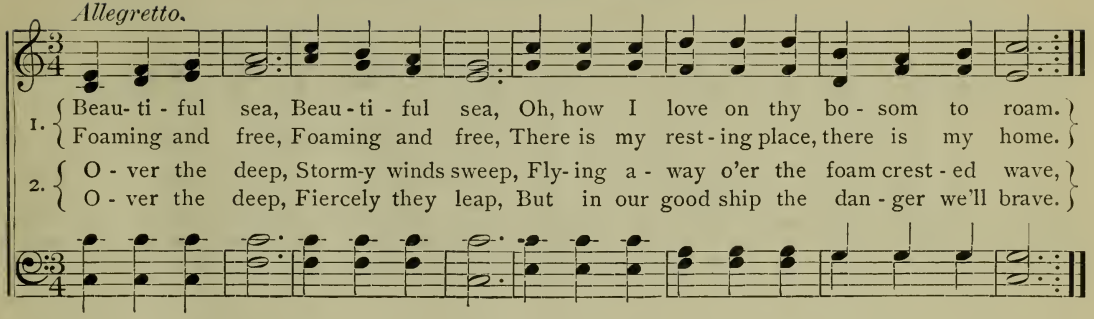
Gently.



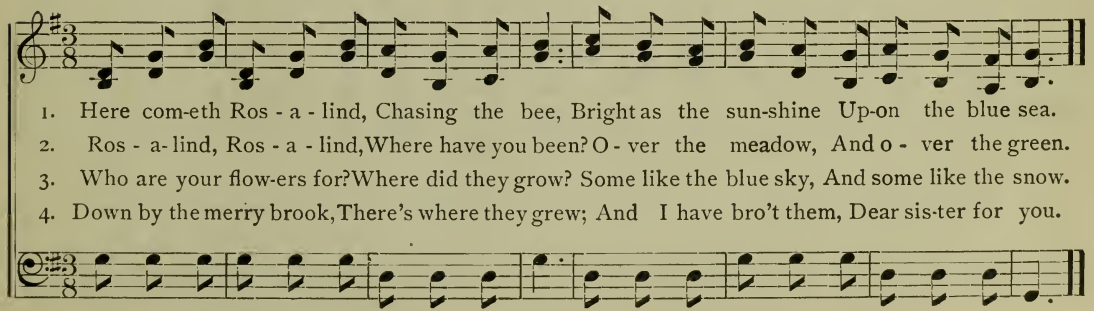
SWING, CRADLE, SWING.

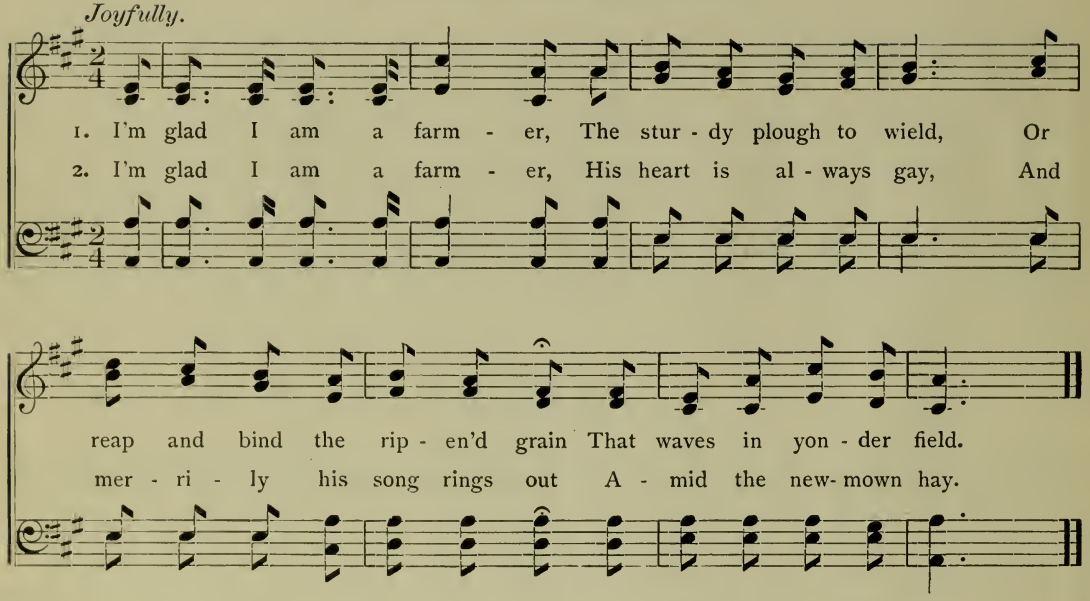


BEAUTIFUL SEA.



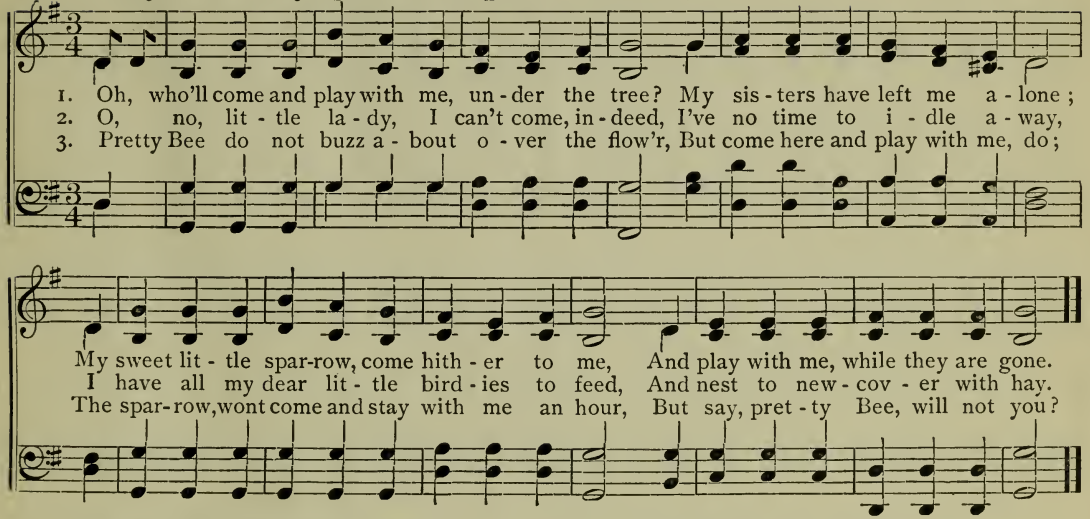
ROSALIND.



I'M GLAD I AM A FARMER.

3 O happy is the farmer,
For when the day is o'er,
The ev'ning shadows gather round,
That he may work no more.

4 How peacefully around him,
Soft sleep her curtain throws,
There's nothing half so tranquil as
The laborer's repose.

OH, WHO'LL COME AND PLAY?

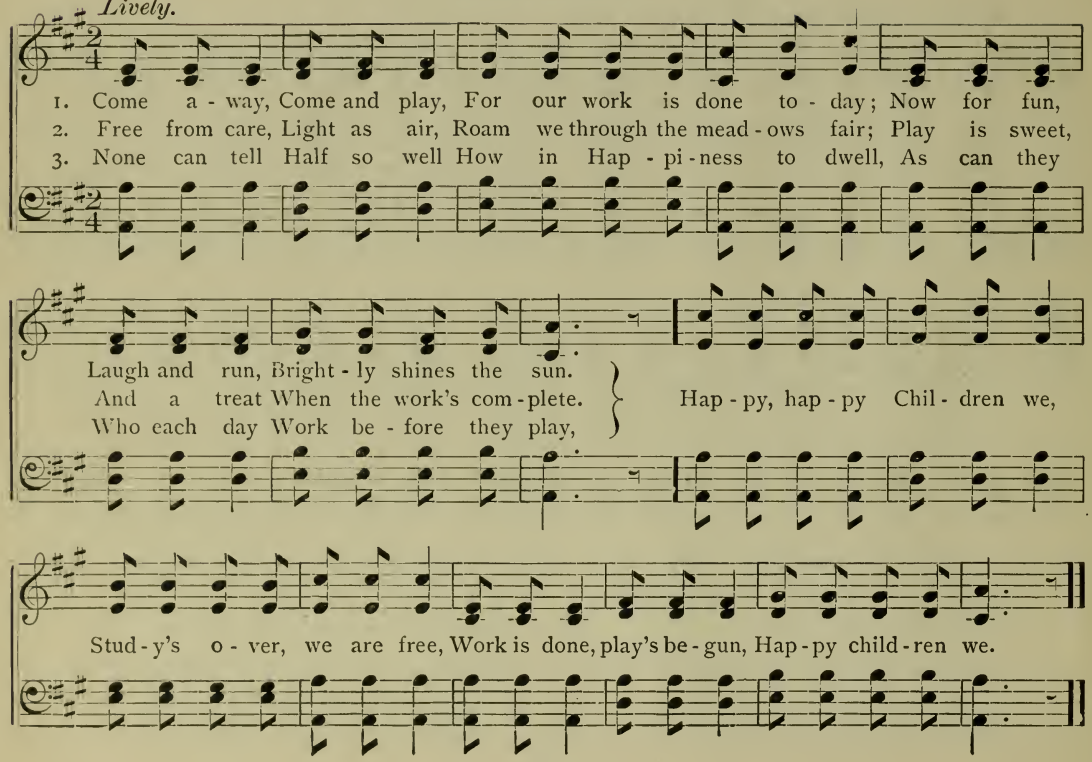
(Single voices may represent the different characters.)

4 O, no, little lady, for do you not see,
Those work who would prosper and thrive;
If I play they will call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive.

5 Stop! stop! little Ant, do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play;
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they.

6 O, no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We're not made to play, but to labor;
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbor.

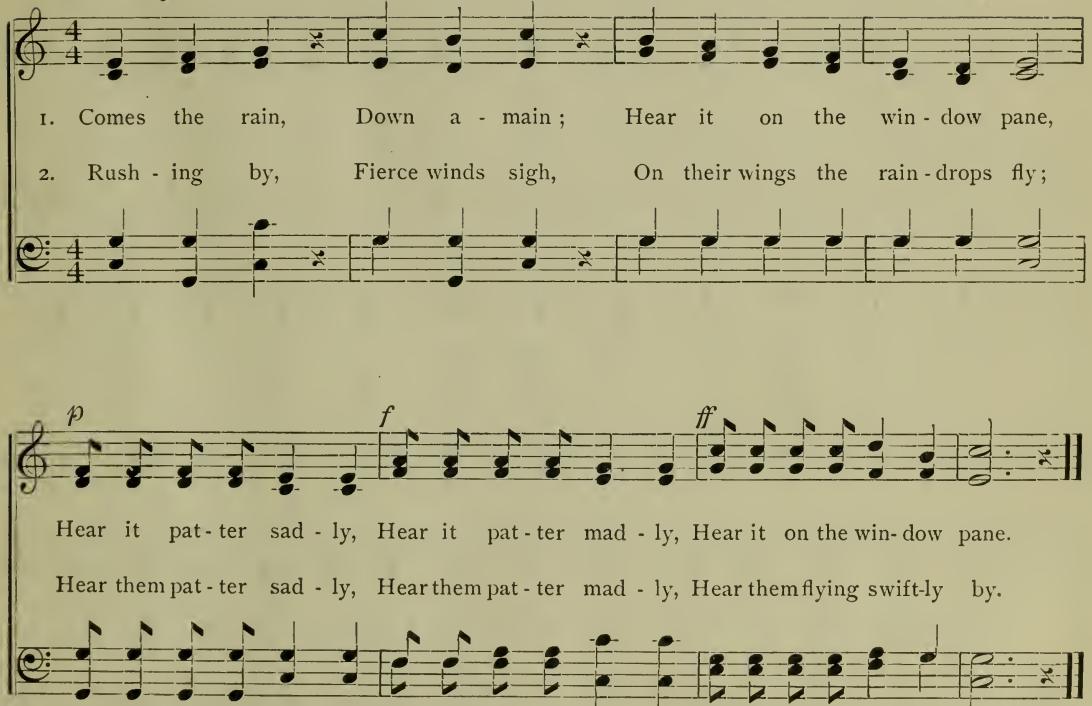
7 What then, have they all some employment but me,
Who lie lounging here like a dunce:
O, then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow, and Bee,
I'll go to my lessons at once.

COME AWAY.

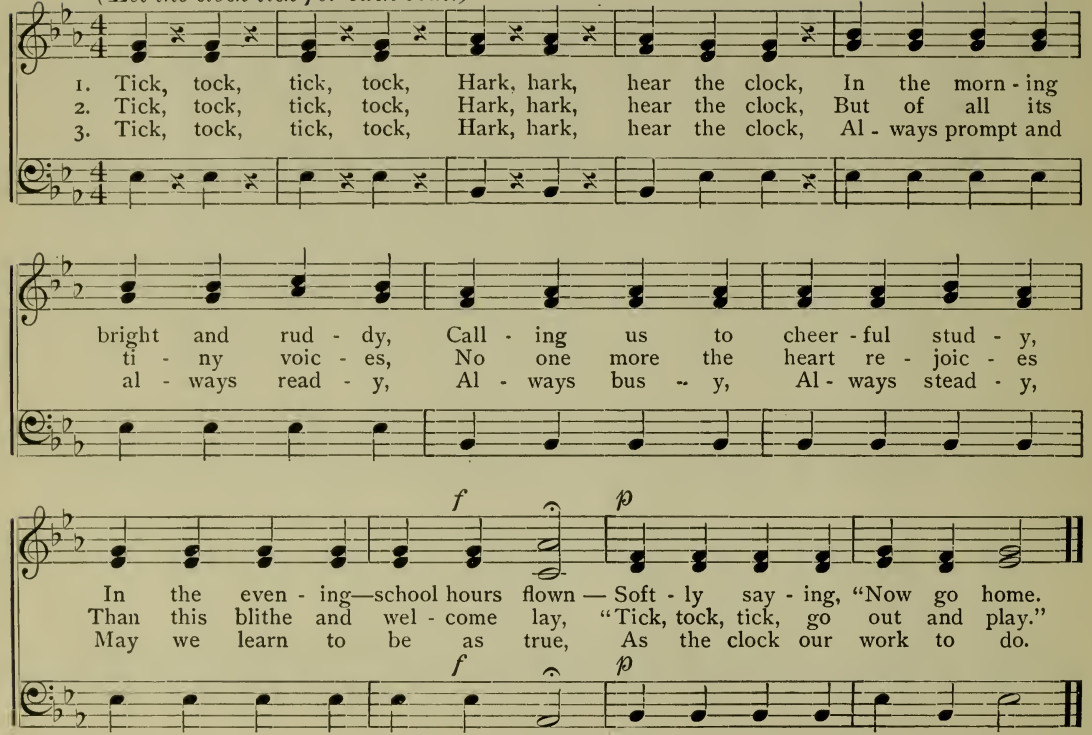

Lively.
1. Come a - way, Come and play, For our work is done to - day; Now for fun,
2. Free from care, Light as air, Roam we through the mead - ows fair; Play is sweet,
3. None can tell Half so well How in Hap - pi - ness to dwell, As can they
Laugh and run, Bright - ly shines the sun.
And a treat When the work's com - plete.
Who each day Work be - fore they play,
Hap - py, hap - py Chil - dren we,
Stud - y's o - ver, we are free, Work is done, play's be - gun, Hap - py child - ren we.

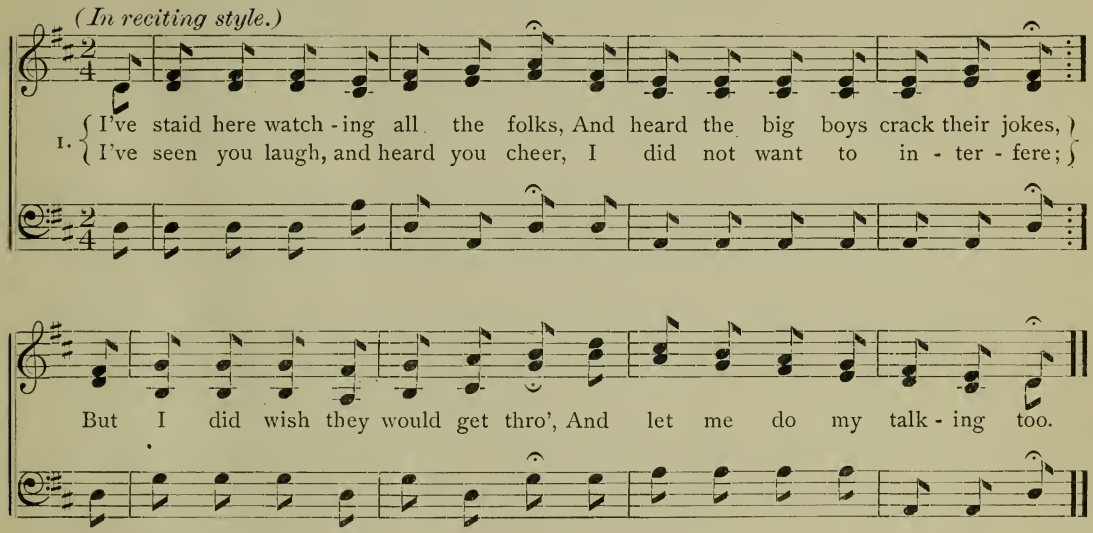
COMES THE RAIN.

Distinctly.



THE CLOCK.

(Let the clock tick for each beat.)

A LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

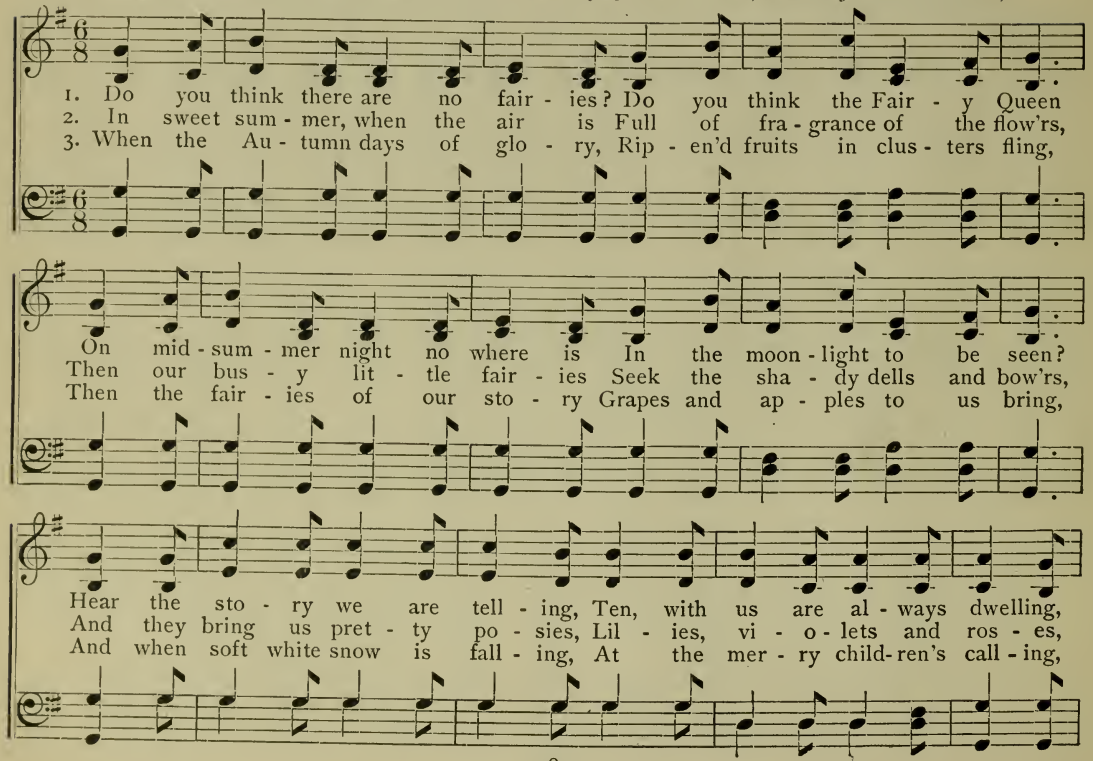


2 I hope you've had a jolly time;
It takes ten cents to make a dime;
Birds in their little nests agree,
And sugar candy does with me;
Grandmother says it makes me sick,
But I get better very quick.

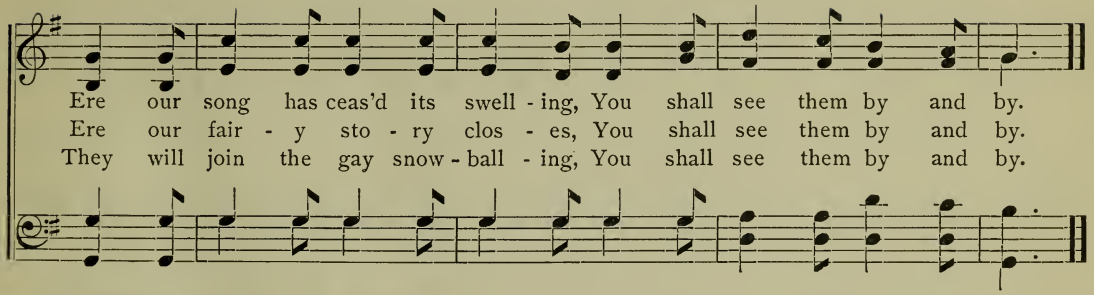
3 I hope you like all you have heard;
I did not bark to ev'ry word,
For I was thinking all the time
How I should say my little rhyme;
I've done it now, and feel all right,
I hope you do so too. Good night.

TEN LITTLE FAIRIES.

(*At the closing couplet let all the little hands unclasp, and all the fingers twist about, raised high above the head.*)



TEN LITTLE FAIRIES. Continued.

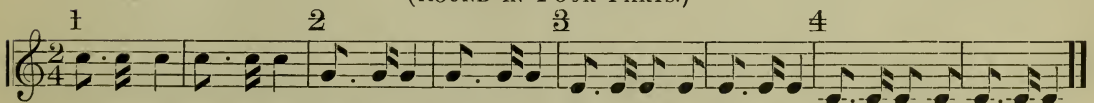


4 That kind works of love and duty,
In the home, and in the school,
Are the only way of beauty,
Is our fairies golden rule.
In whatever work their share is,
More and more we hope their care is,
To be faithful little fairies,
You shall see them by and by.

5 Softly sound our tuneful numbers,
For they now are drawing near,
Waking up from quiet slumbers,
Soon our fairies shall appear.
Now each queen will forward bring hers,
Not one single fairy lingers ;
They are—just our ten white fingers,
Don't you see them dancing by?

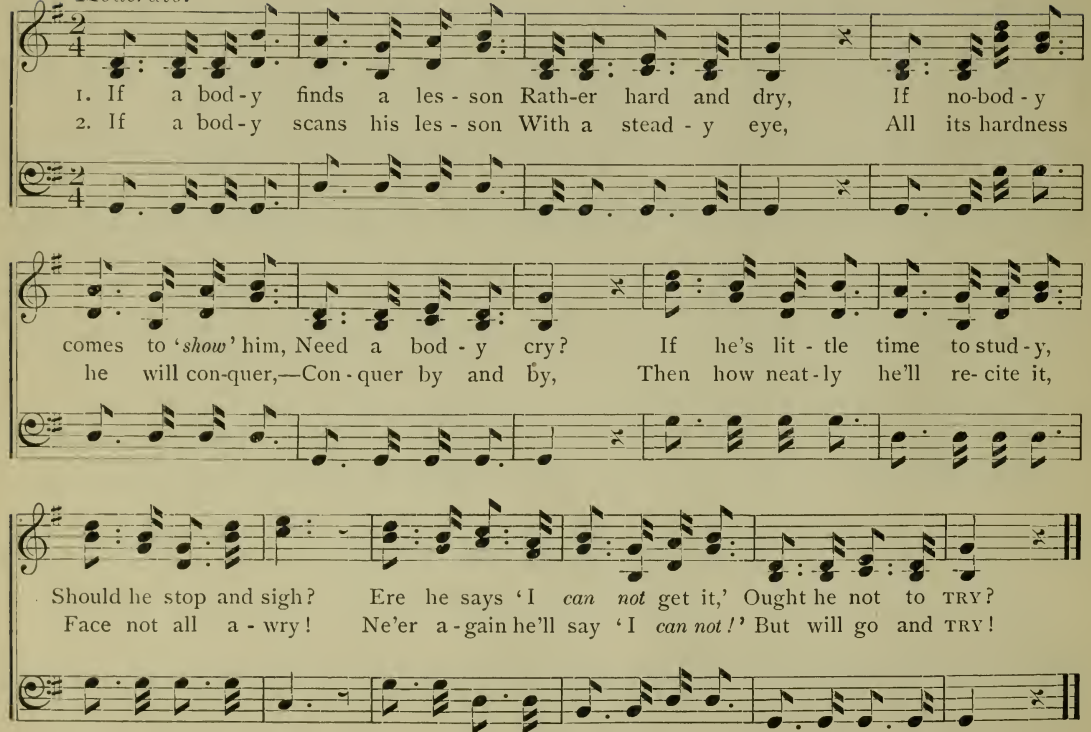
THE HORSE TO HIS RIDER.

(Round in Four Parts.)

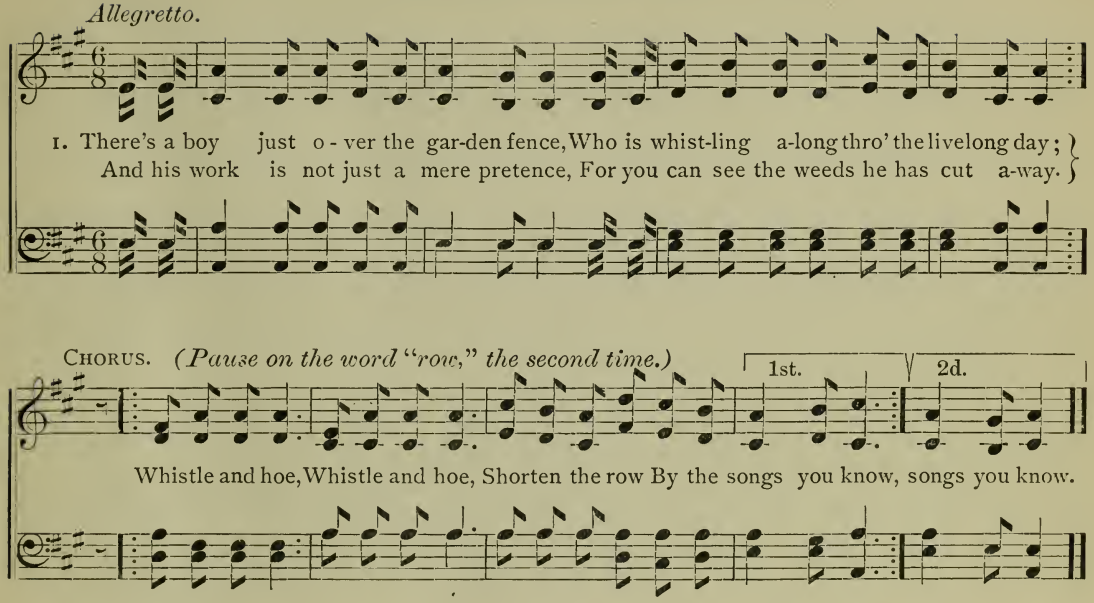


"IF A BODY FINDS A LESSON."

Moderato.



WHISTLE AND HOE.

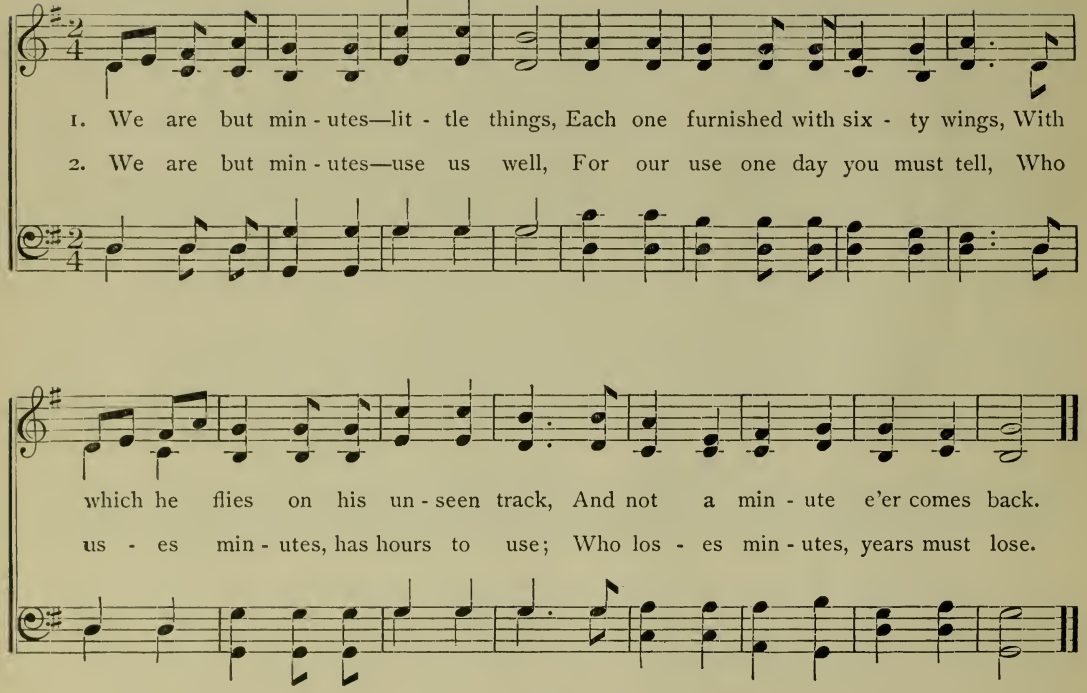


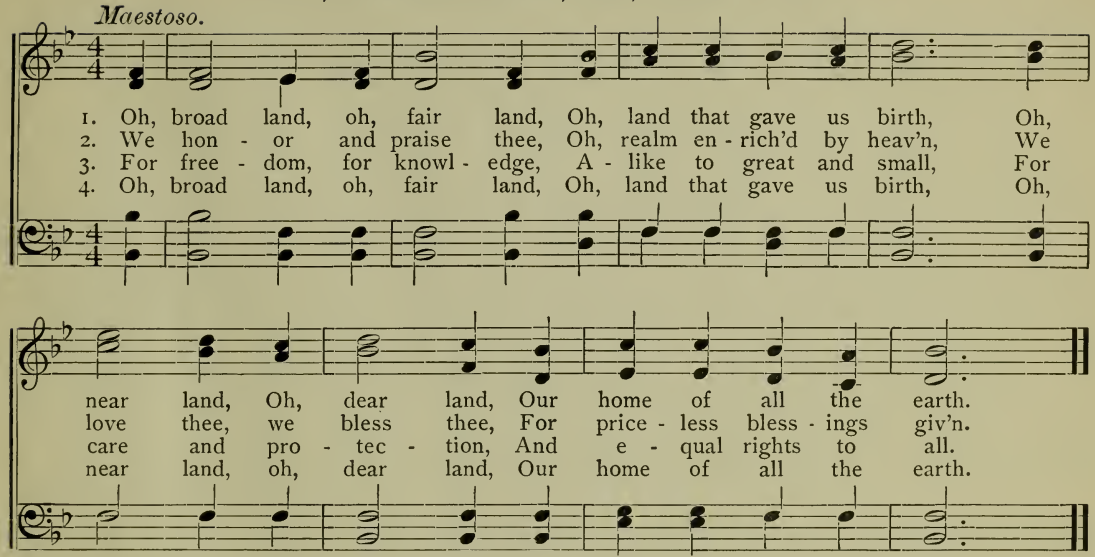
2 Not a word bemoaning his task I hear;
He has scarcely time for a growl I know;
For his whistle merry, sounds out so clear,
He must find it some pleasure in every row.
Whistle and hoe, &c.

3 But then while you whistle be sure to hoe,
For if idle the briars will thrive and spread;
And the whistle only thro'out the row,
May do well for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.
Whistle and hoe, &c.

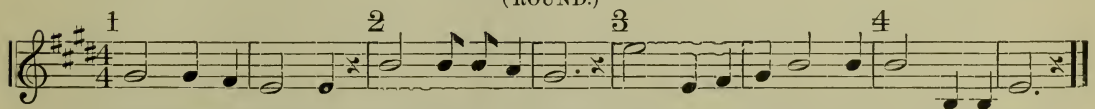
WE ARE BUT MINUTES.

Allegretto.



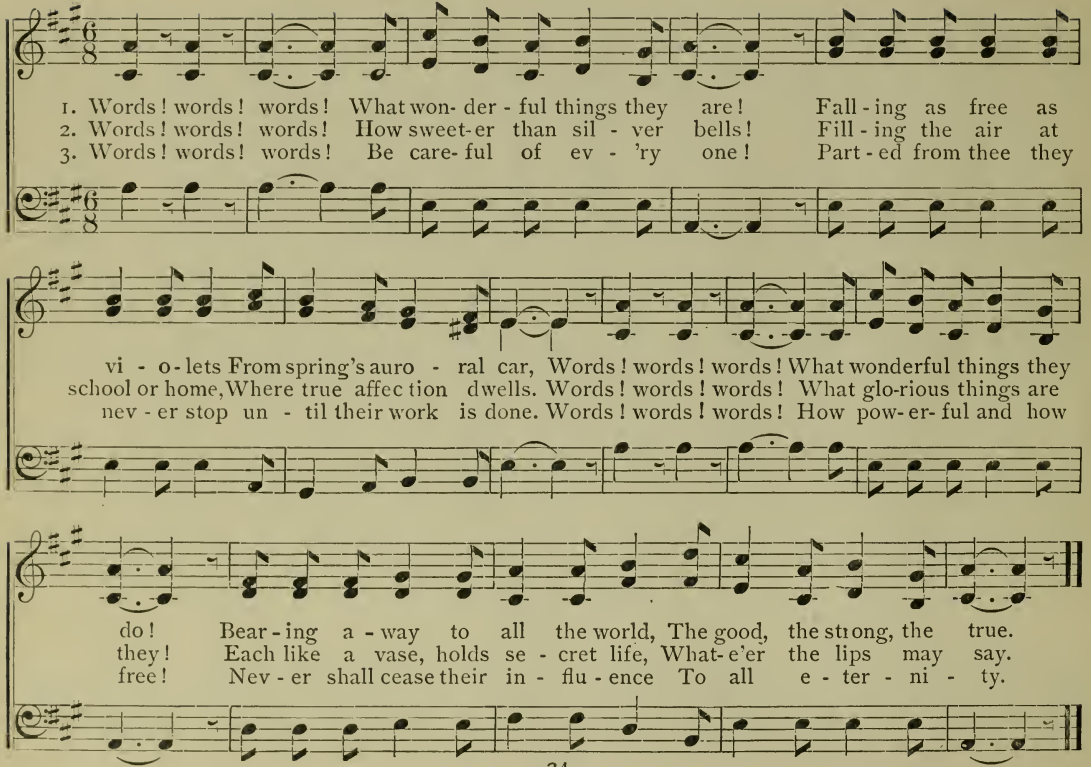
OH, BROAD LAND, OH, FAIR LAND.

THREE THINGS.

(ROUND.)

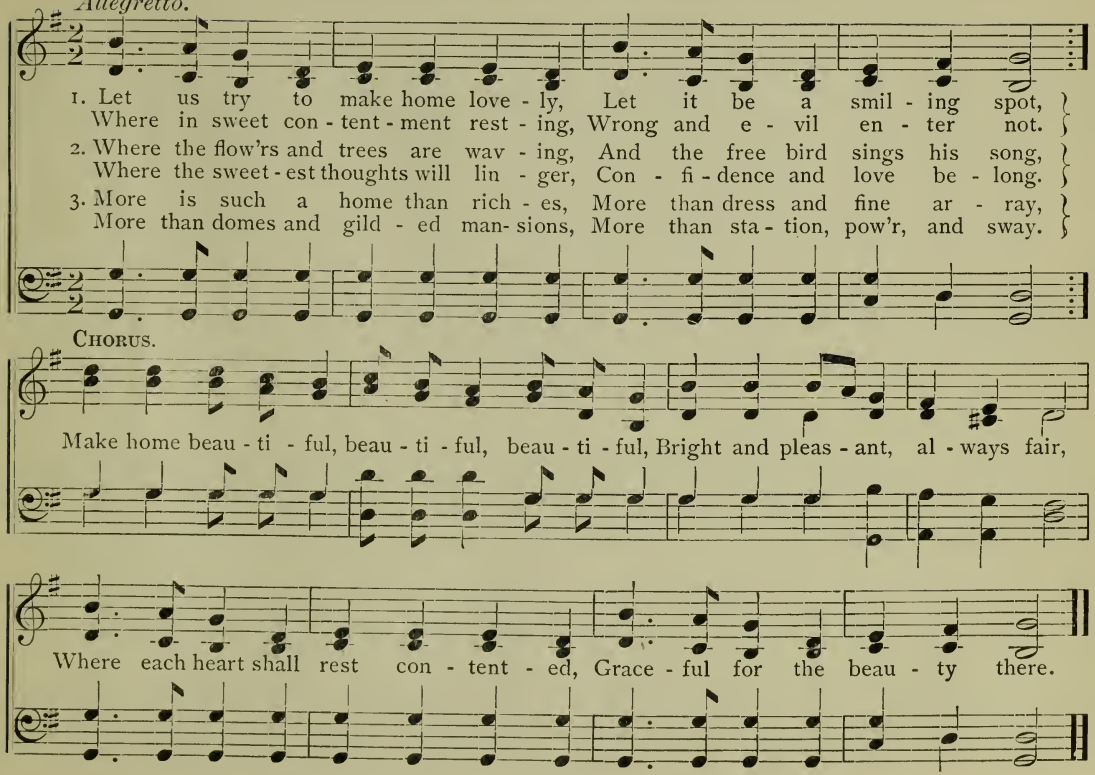


Three things are sought for, pow'r, pleasure, and wealth; One spoils our tem-per, and two spoil our health.

WONDERFUL THINGS.



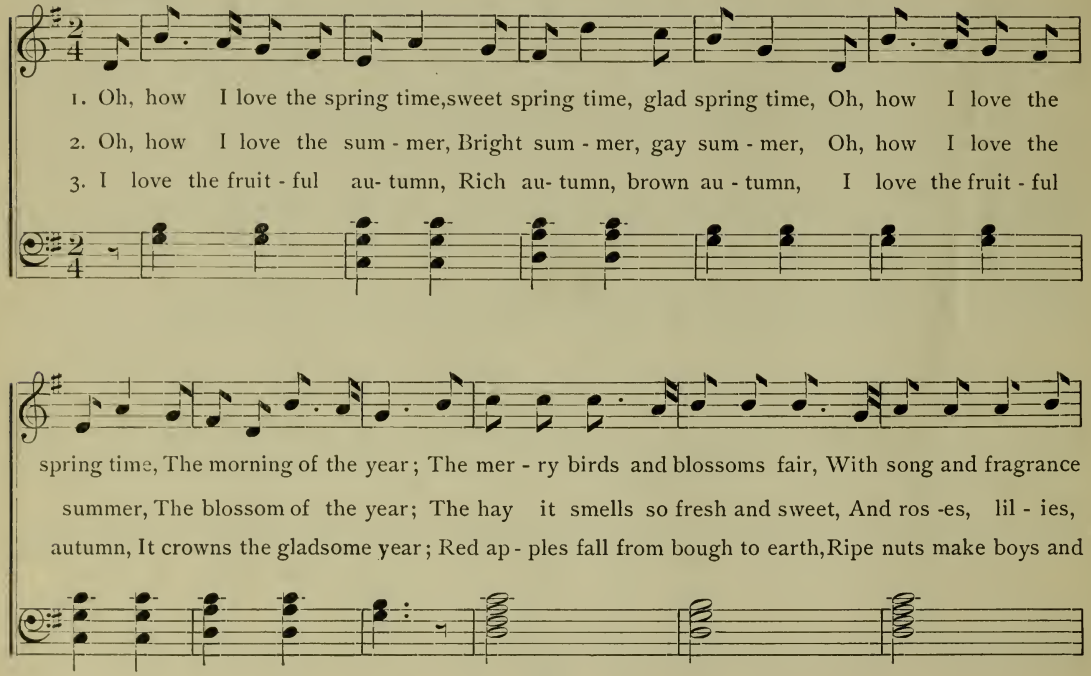
MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.



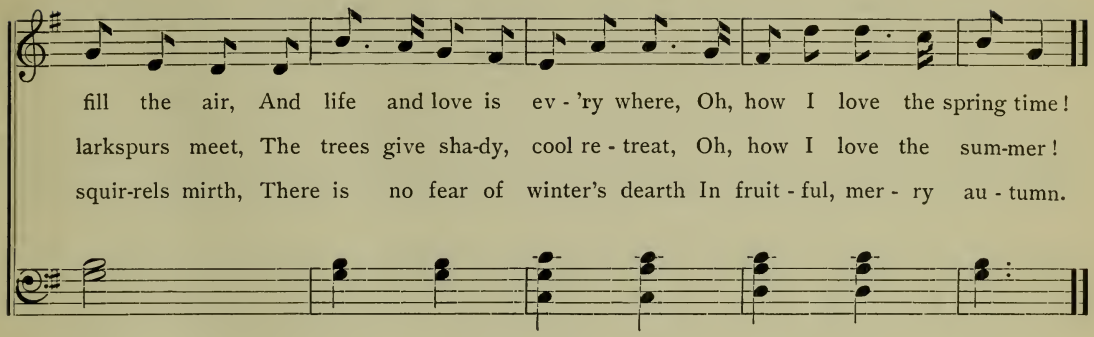
OH, HOW I LOVE THE SUMMER.

FOR FOUR VOICES—1*st voice, Spring.* 2*d, Summer.* 3*d, Autumn.* 4*th, Winter; and all join in the last verse.*

Allegretto



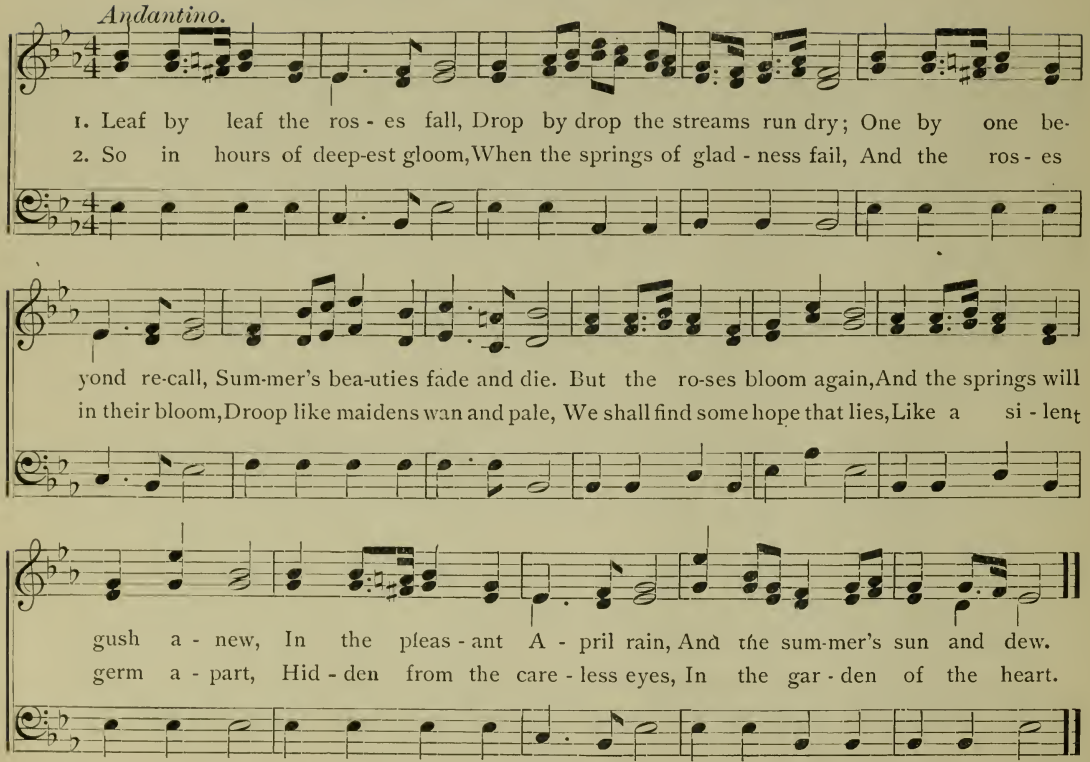
OH, HOW I LOVE THE SUMMER. Continued.



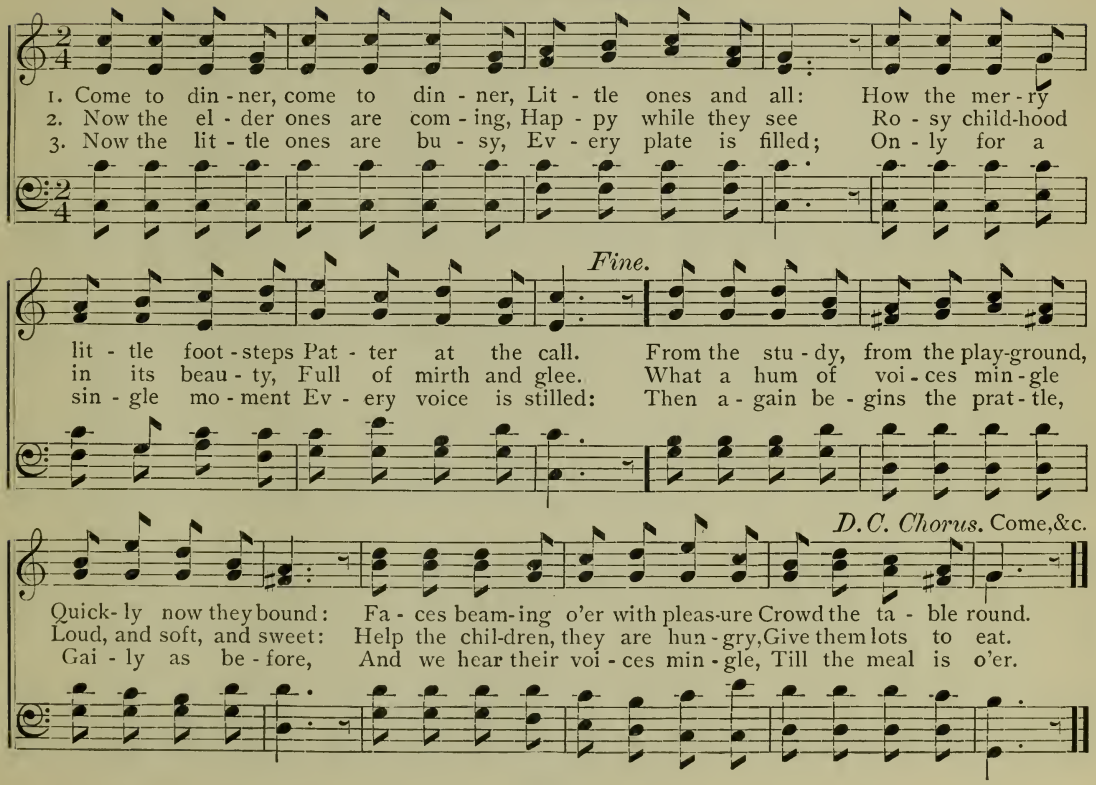
4 Oh, don't we love the winter;
Old winter, bluff winter,
Oh, don't we love the winter!
Though cold and stern and long?
The sleigh-bells ring a merry peal,
The skaters fly on wings of steel,
The snowball's thump young jackets feel—
We love the frosty winter.

5 We love them, all the seasons,
So happy, so happy;
We love them, all the seasons,
Each in its place so good.
We praise the giver for his gifts,
Each voice the grateful anthem lifts;
For summer flowers and winter drifts
We praise the bounteous Giver.

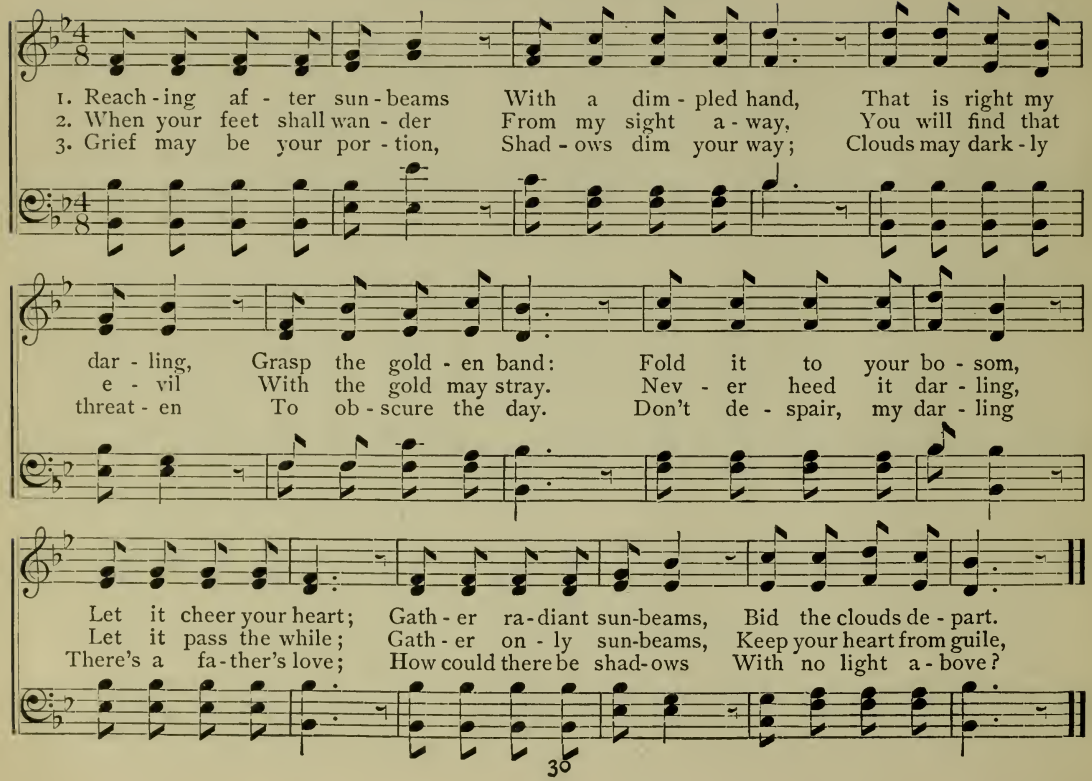
LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.



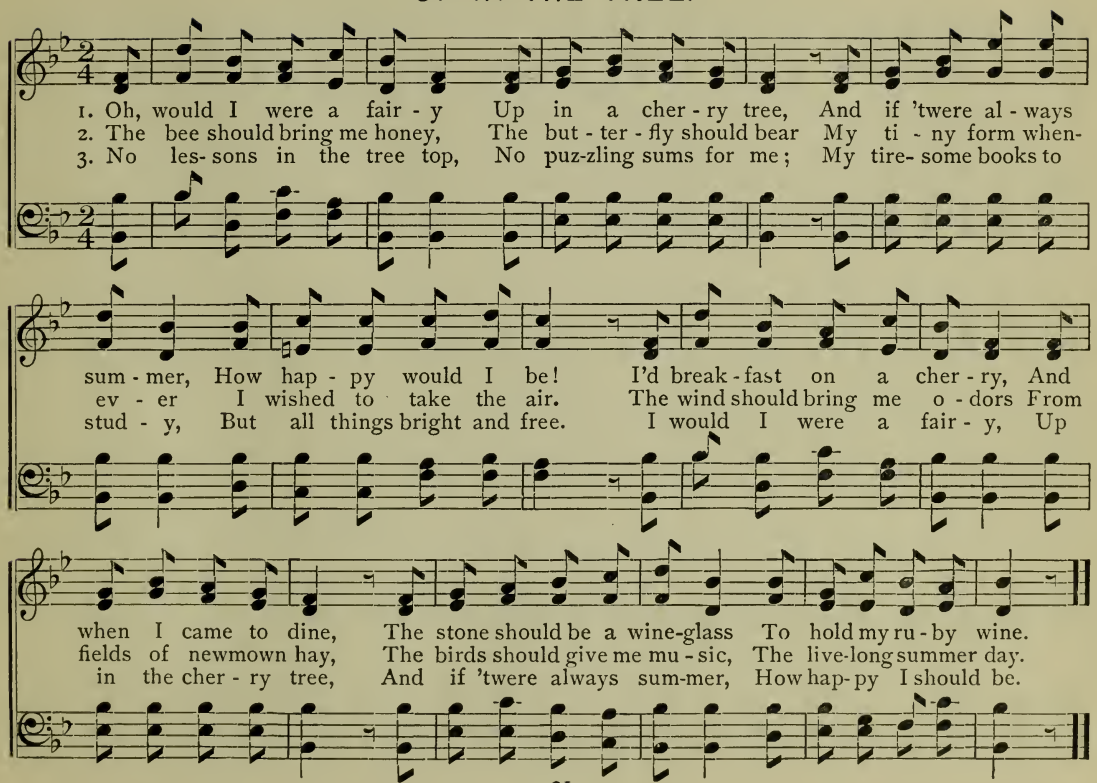
COME TO DINNER.



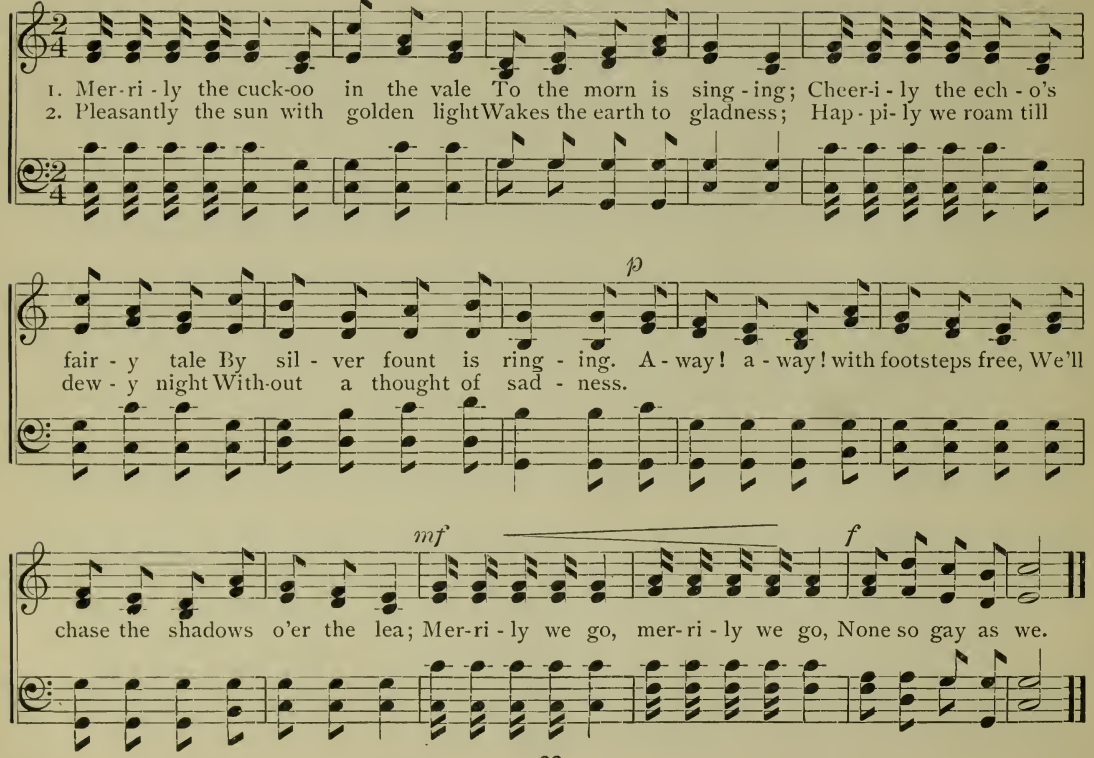
CATCHING SUNBEAMS.



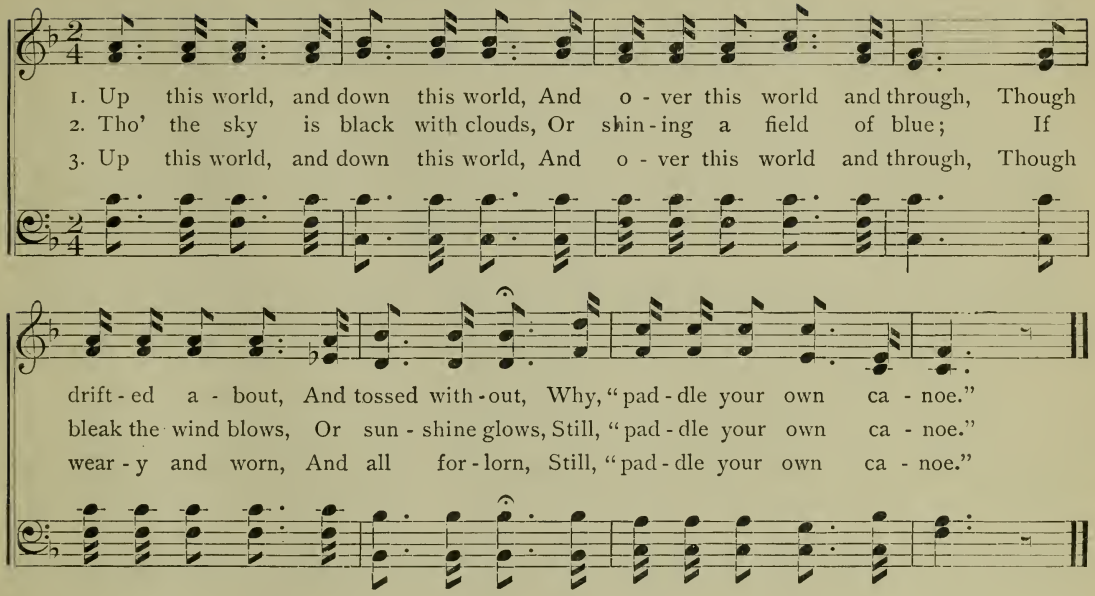
UP IN THE TREE.



THE SONG OF THE CUCKOO.



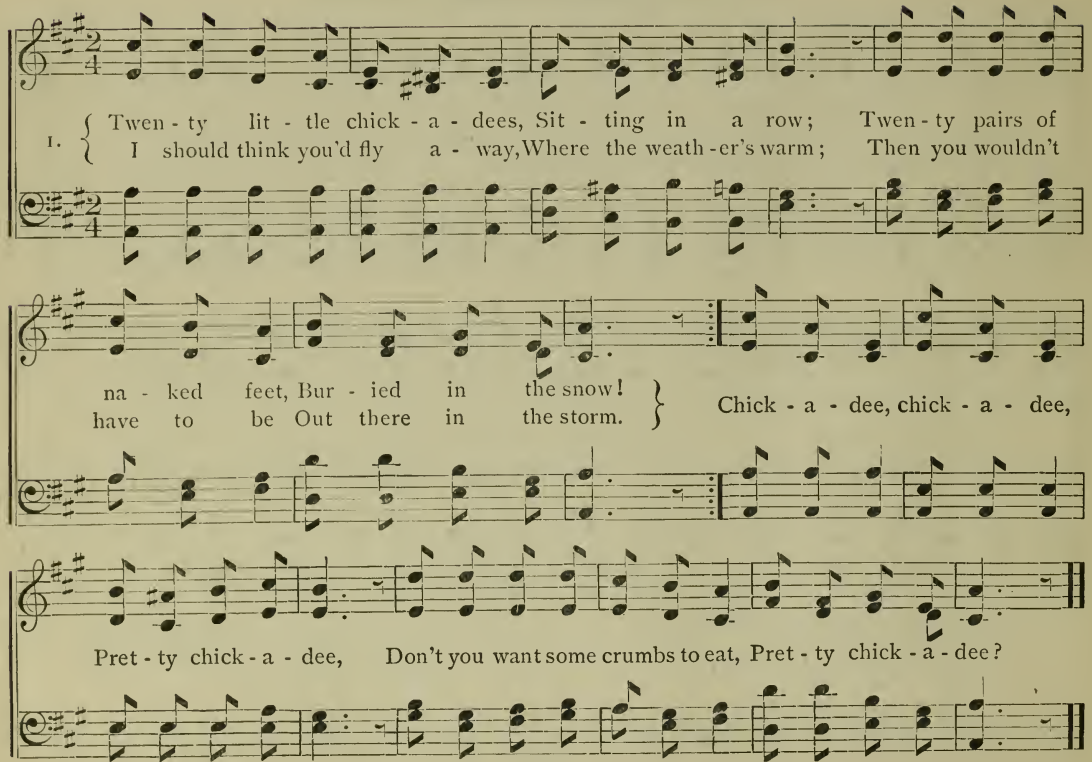
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.



4 Don't give up when trials come,
Nor ever grow sad and blue;
Nor ever sit down
With tearful frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

5 Flowers are springing on the shores,
They're blooming so sweet for you;
The rose-hued dyes
In autumn skies
Say "paddle your own canoe."

CHICK-A-DEE.


1. Twen - ty lit - tle chick - a - dees, Sit - ting in a row; Twen - ty pairs of
I should think you'd fly a - way, Where the weath - er's warm; Then you wouldn't
na - ked feet, Bur - ied in the snow!
have to be Out there in the storm.
Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee,
Pret - ty chick - a - dee, Don't you want some crumbs to eat, Pret - ty chick - a - dee?

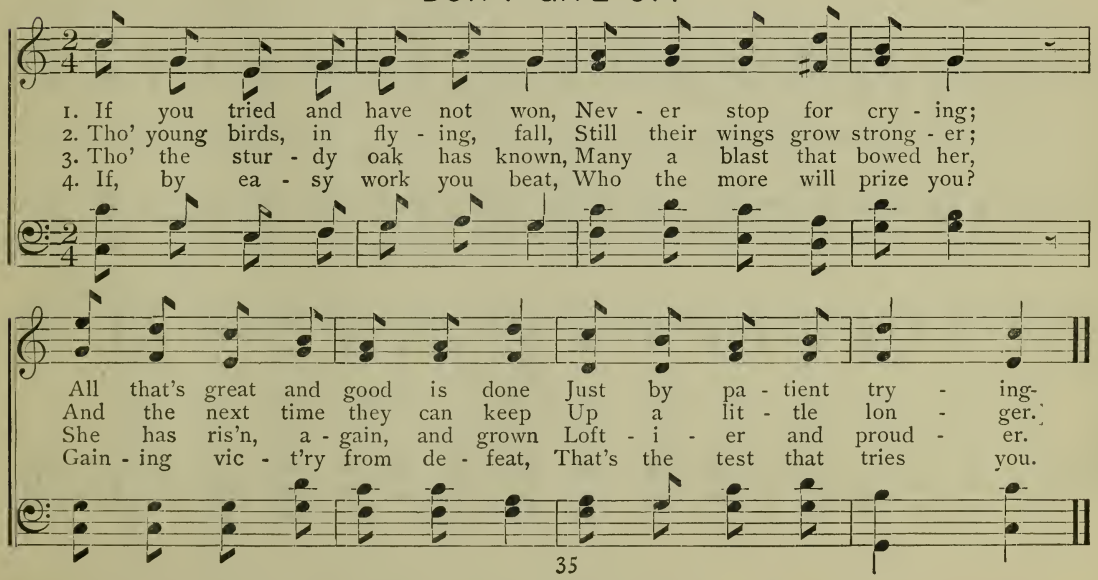
CHICK-A-DEE. Continued.

2.
Sorry little chick-a-dees!
Don't you know the way?
Can't you find the road to go
Where it's always May?
Robins all have found it out,
Wrens and blue-birds too
Don't you wish you'd thought to ask,
Ere away they flew?

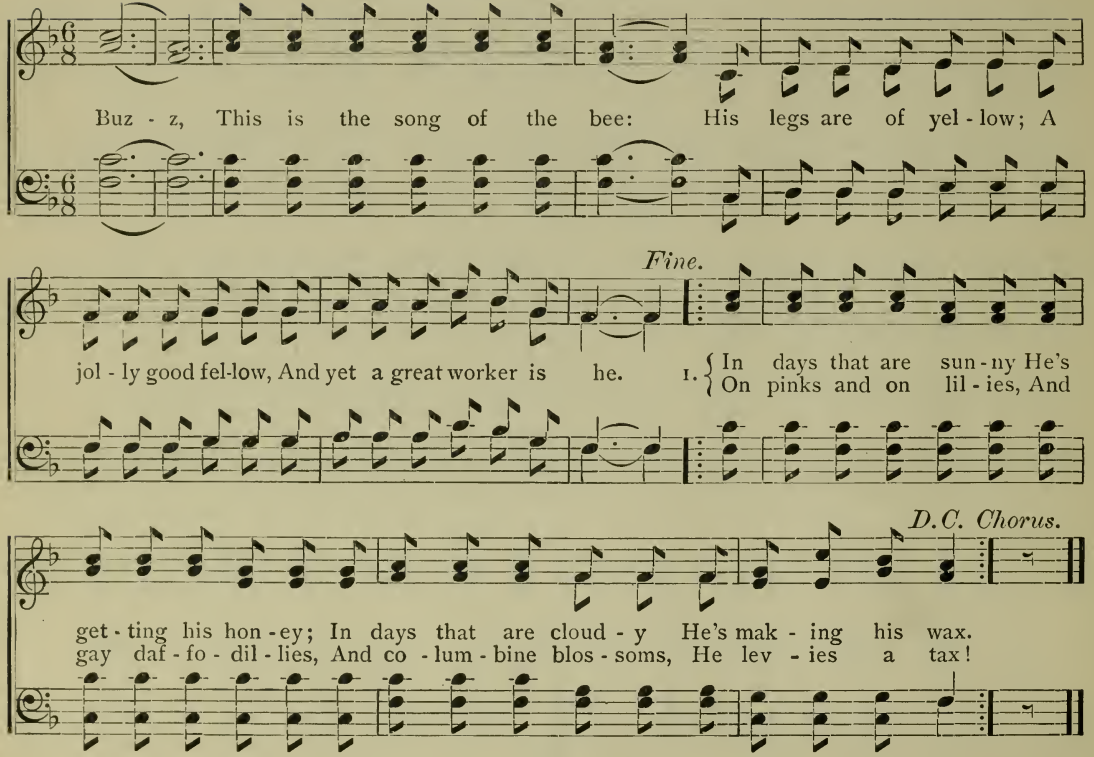
3.
Hungry little chick-a-dees!
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead;
Anything you'd like to eat,
You shall have it free,
Every morning, every night,
If you'll come to me.

4.
Jolly little chick-a-dees!
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again
While the weather's rough:
Bye-bye happy little birds!
Off the wee things swarm,
Dancing through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm!

DON'T GIVE UP.



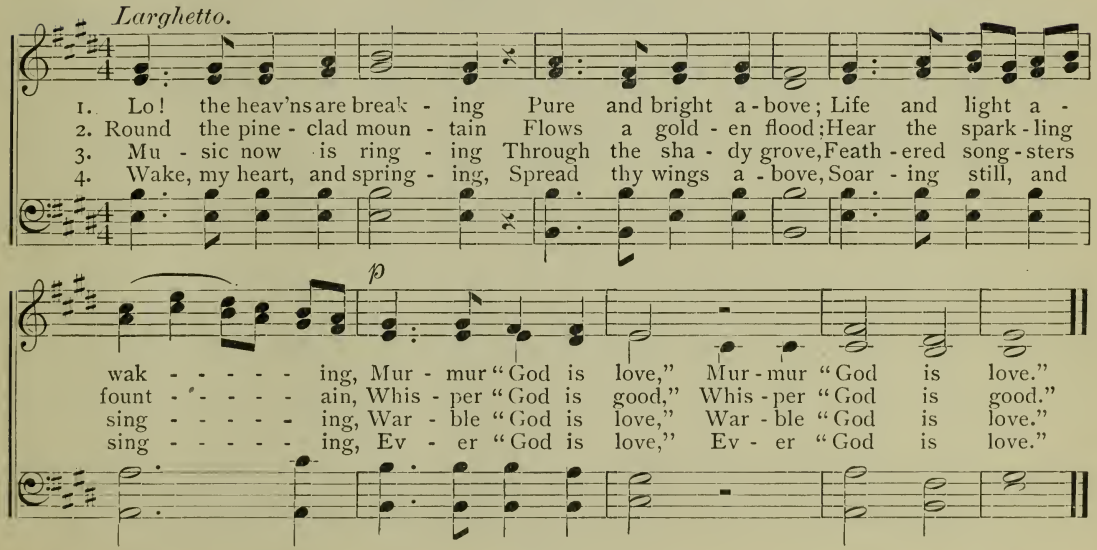
THE SONG OF THE BEE.

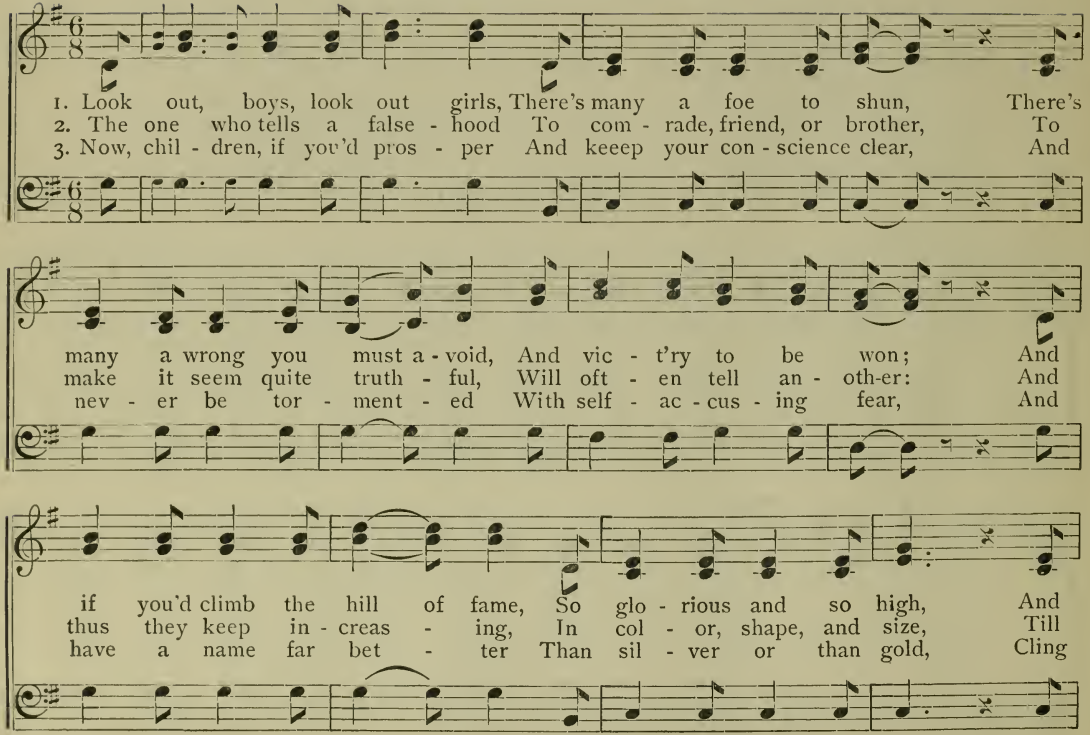


THE SONG OF THE BEE. Continued.

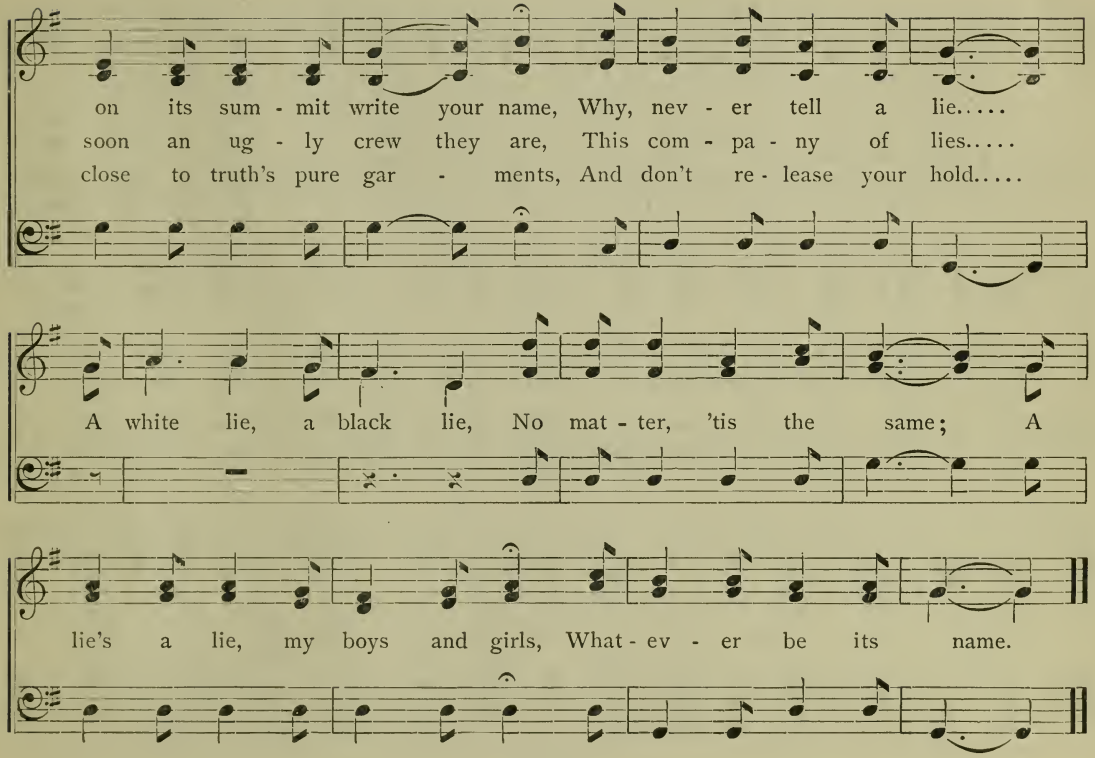
2 The sweet smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy—
From thistle or daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

3 From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through:
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder, by far,
To have nothing to do!

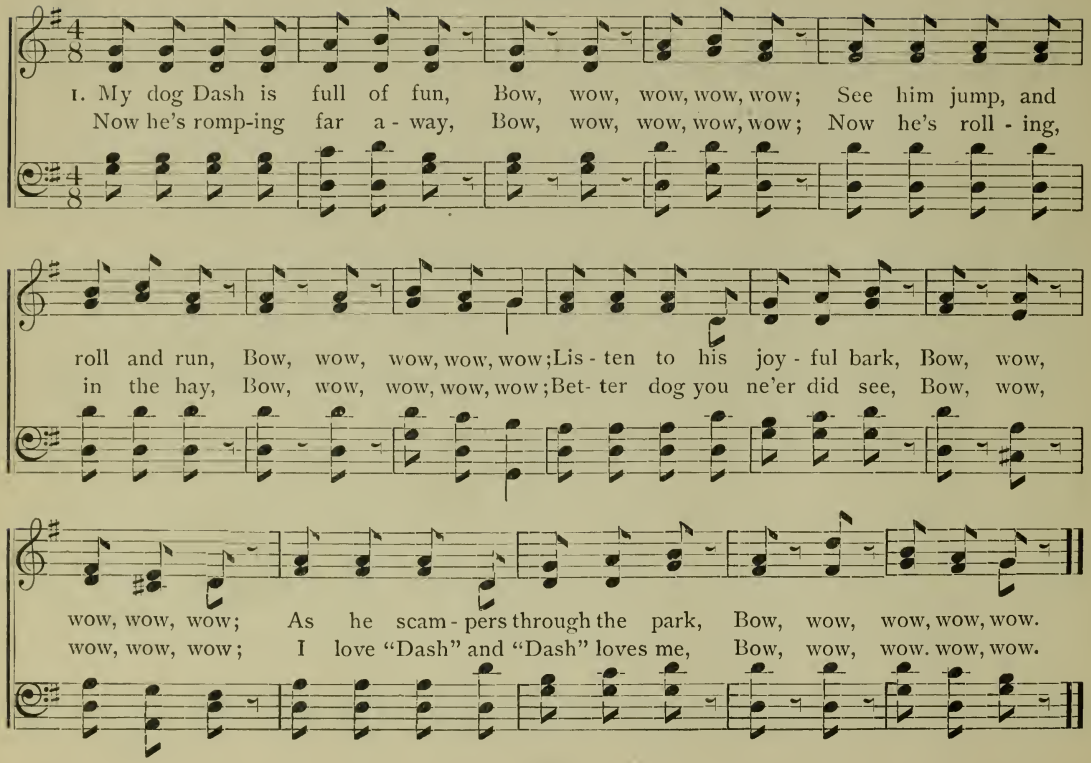
GOD IS LOVE.

NEVER TELL A LIE.

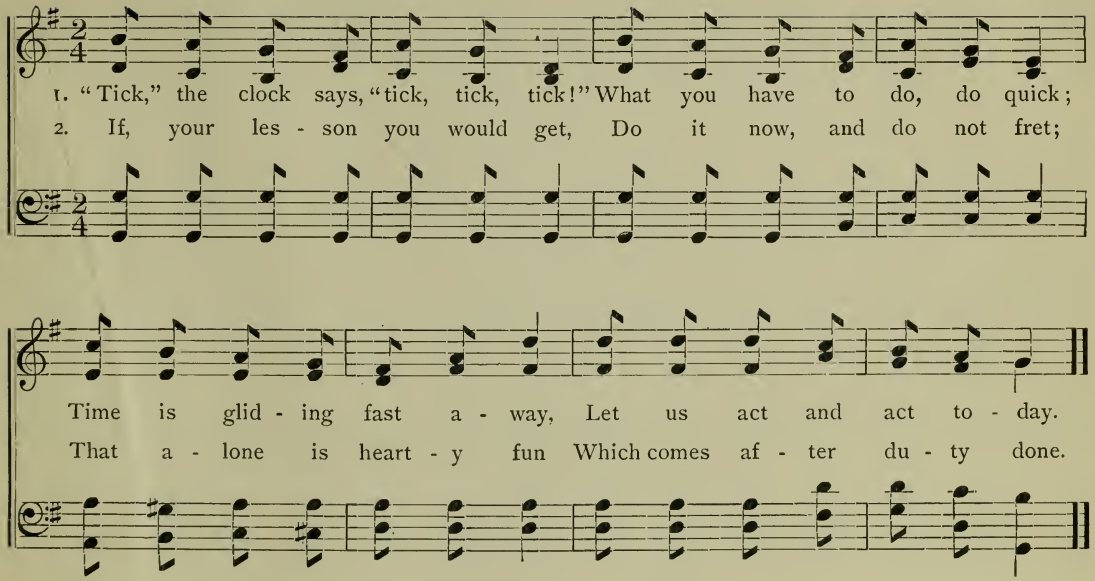


NEVER TELL A LIE. Coutinued.



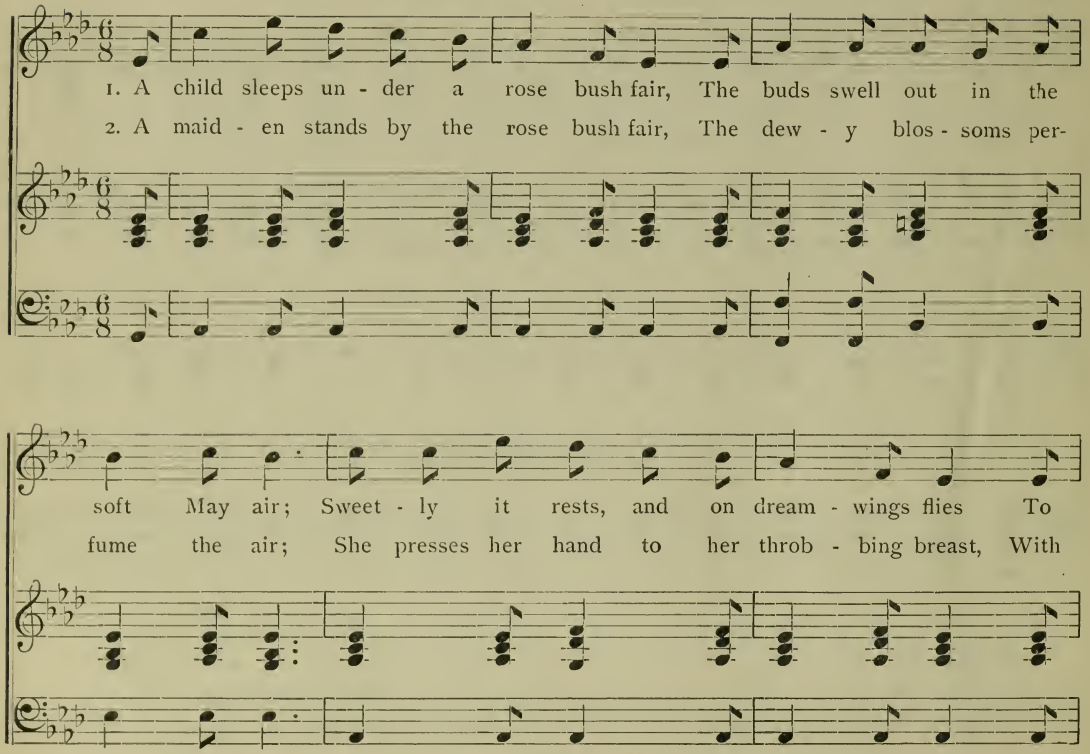
BOW-WOW.


1. My dog Dash is full of fun, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; See him jump, and
Now he's romp-ing far a - way, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Now he's roll - ing,
roll and run, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Lis - ten to his joy - ful bark, Bow, wow,
in the hay, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow; Bet- ter dog you ne'er did see, Bow, wow,
wow, wow, wow; As he scam - pers through the park, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow.
wow, wow, wow; I love "Dash" and "Dash" loves me, Bow, wow, wow. wow, wow.

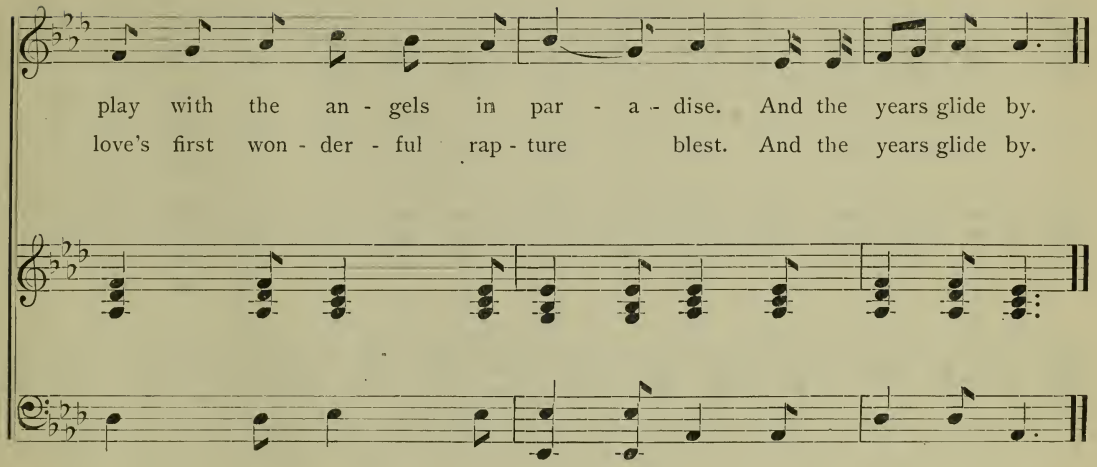
WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

3 When your mother says "Obey!"
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick.

4 If my little boy will mind,
And be prompt, and good, and kind,
Time to him will be a friend,
Time for him will sweetly end.

THE ROSE BUSH.

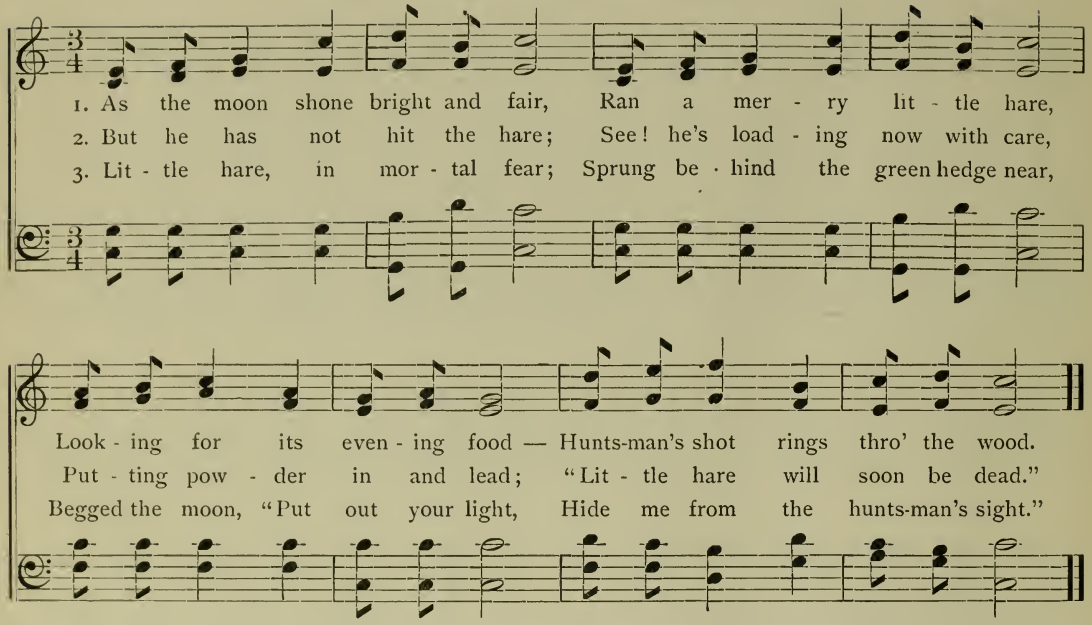


THE ROSE BUSH. Continued.



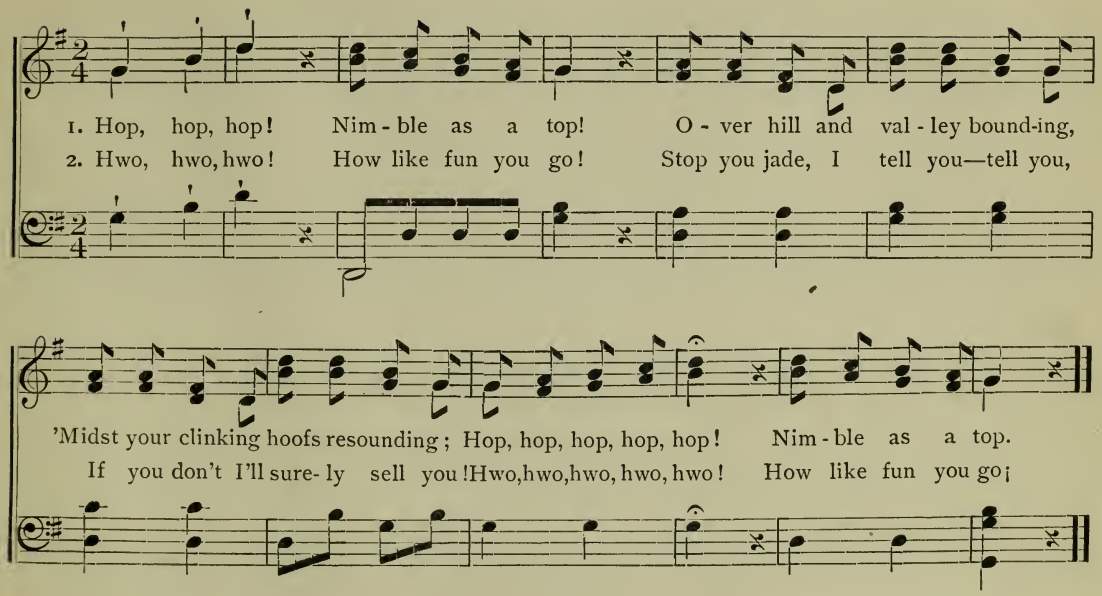
3 A mother kneels by the rosebush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

4 Naked and lone stands the rosebush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air;
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years glide by.

THE HARE AND THE HUNTER.

4 Then the moon her brightness veiled
'Neath the clouds which o'er her sailed;
Gathered clouds both great and small,
Turning light to darkness all.

5 Little hare then went to bed,
Coat and shoes placed by his head
Laid him down in moss so bright,
Soundly slept till morning light.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

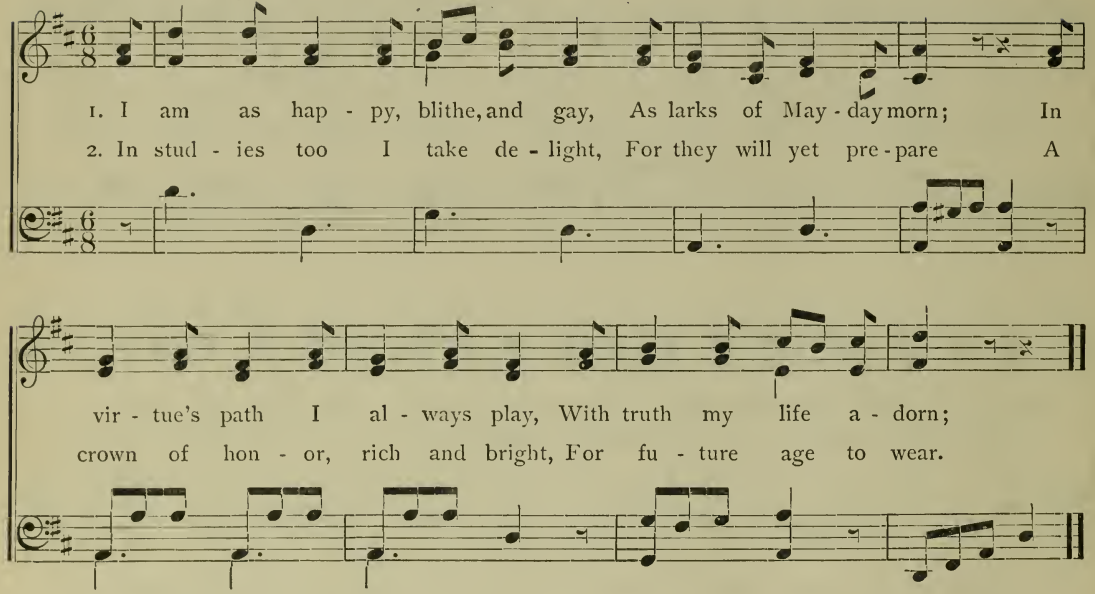


3 Spare, spare, spare! sure enough we're there!
Very well, my little pony,
Safe's our jaunt through rough and stony:
Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare!
Sure enough we're there.

4 Here, here, here! Yes, my pony dear;
Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,
And with smiles will ever greet you,
Pony, pony, dear;
Yes, my pony, dear!

HAPPY, BLITHE, AND GAY.

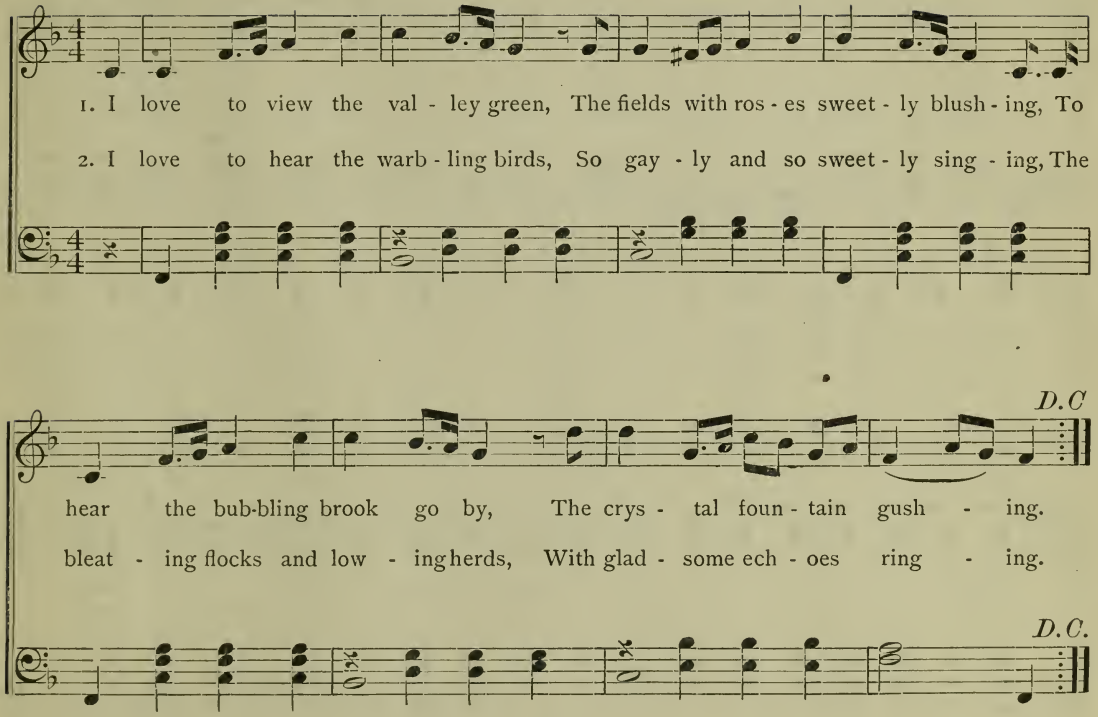
With a happy and contented expression.



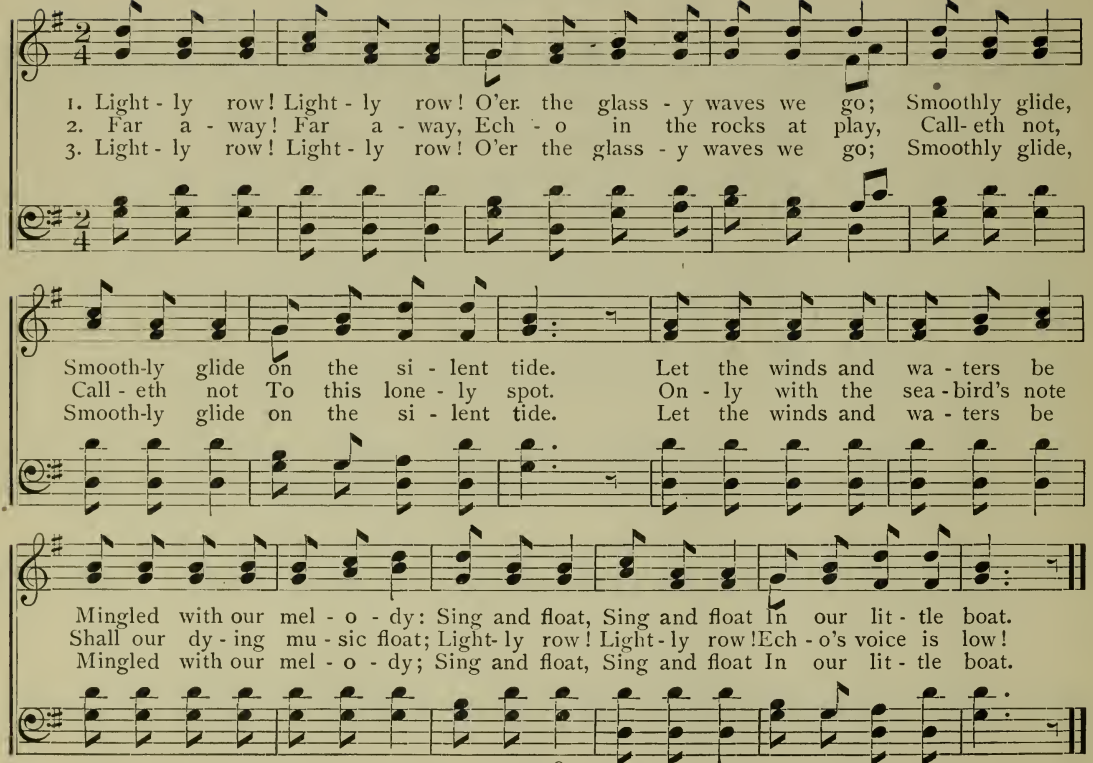
3 I love my parents to obey,
Their word is wisdom's guide,—
A rich reward, I'm sure 'twill pay,
And be my future pride.

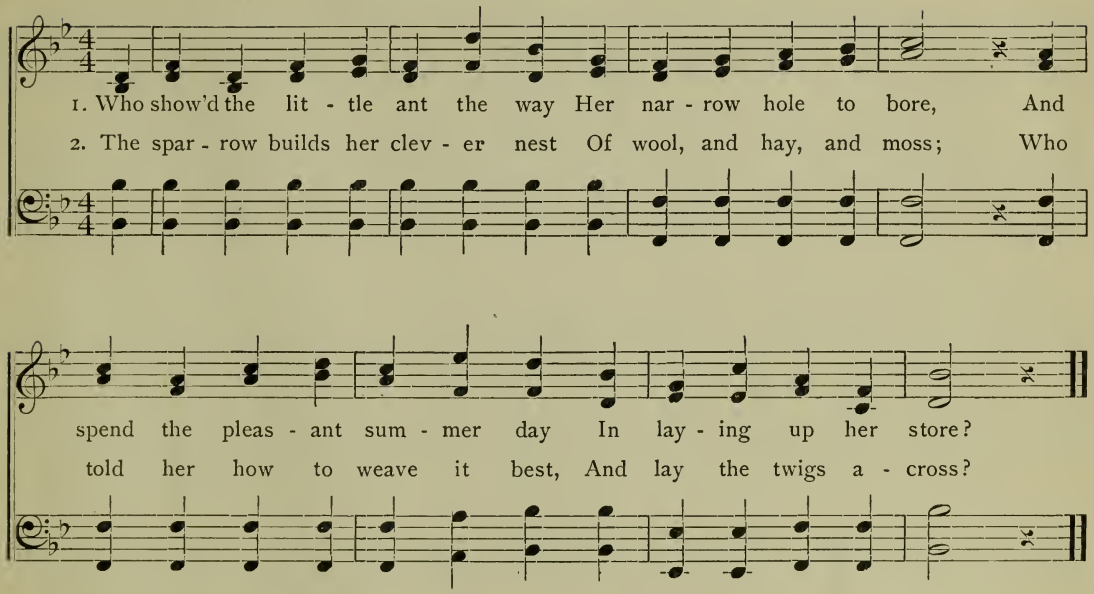
4 O happy, happy, sure am I
From morning's dawn till night!
I have no tear, I have no sigh,
My virtue's path to blight.

I LOVE TO VIEW.



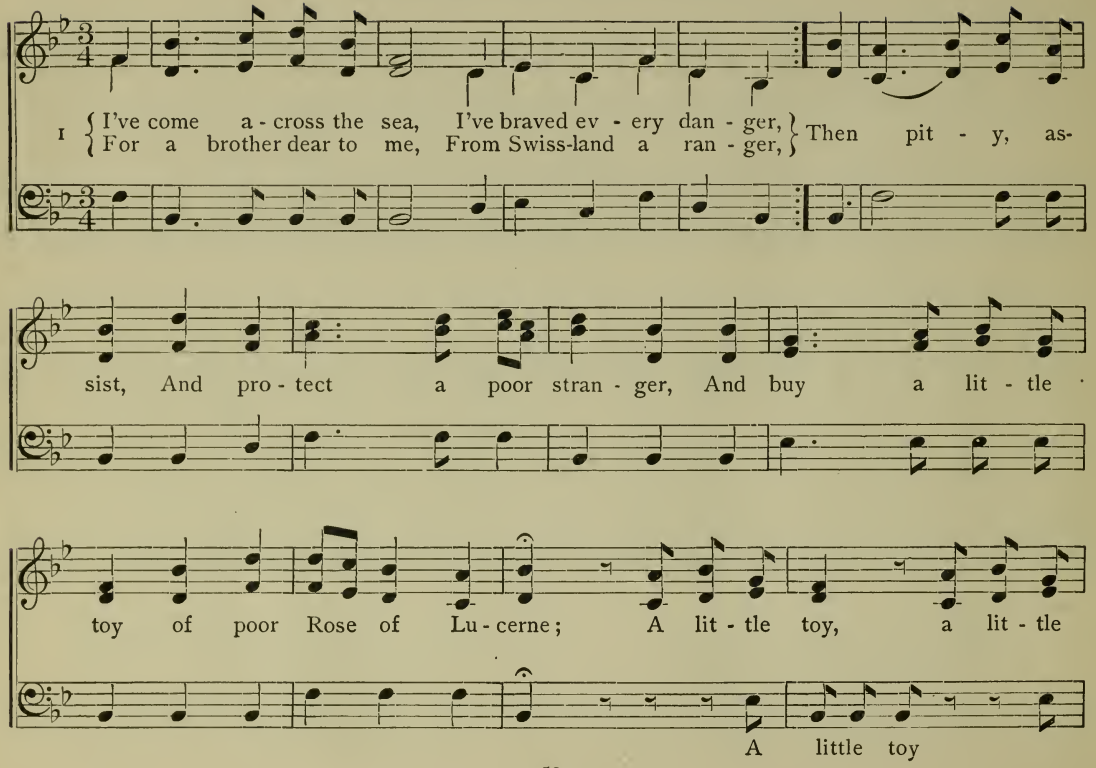
LIGHTLY ROW.


1. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smoothly glide,
2. Far a - way! Far a - way, Ech - o in the rocks at play, Call- eth not,
3. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smoothly glide,
Smooth-ly glide on the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Call - eth not To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea - bird's note
Smooth-ly glide on the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Mingled with our mel - o - dy: Sing and float, Sing and float In our lit - tle boat.
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float; Light- ly row! Light - ly row! Ech - o's voice is low!
Mingled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float, Sing and float In our lit - tle boat.

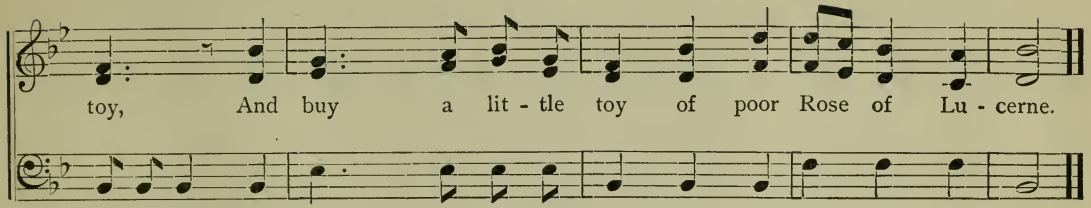
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

3 Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flow'rs,
And lay his store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

4 'Twas God who show'd them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

THE SWISS TOY GIRL.



THE SWISS TOY GIRL. Concluded.

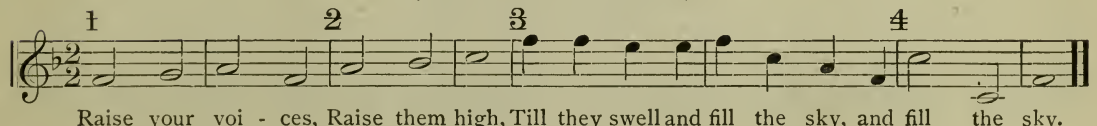


2 I've paints and I've perfume,
For those who may choose them:
Young ladies, I presume
You all will refuse them;
The bloom on your cheek
Shows that you never use them;
Yet buy a little toy, &c.

5 I've a cross, 'twill make you smart,
But I hope you may bear it;
Just o'er your little heart,
I advise you to wear it;
And I hope that no other
Cross e'er may come near it;
So buy a little toy, &c.

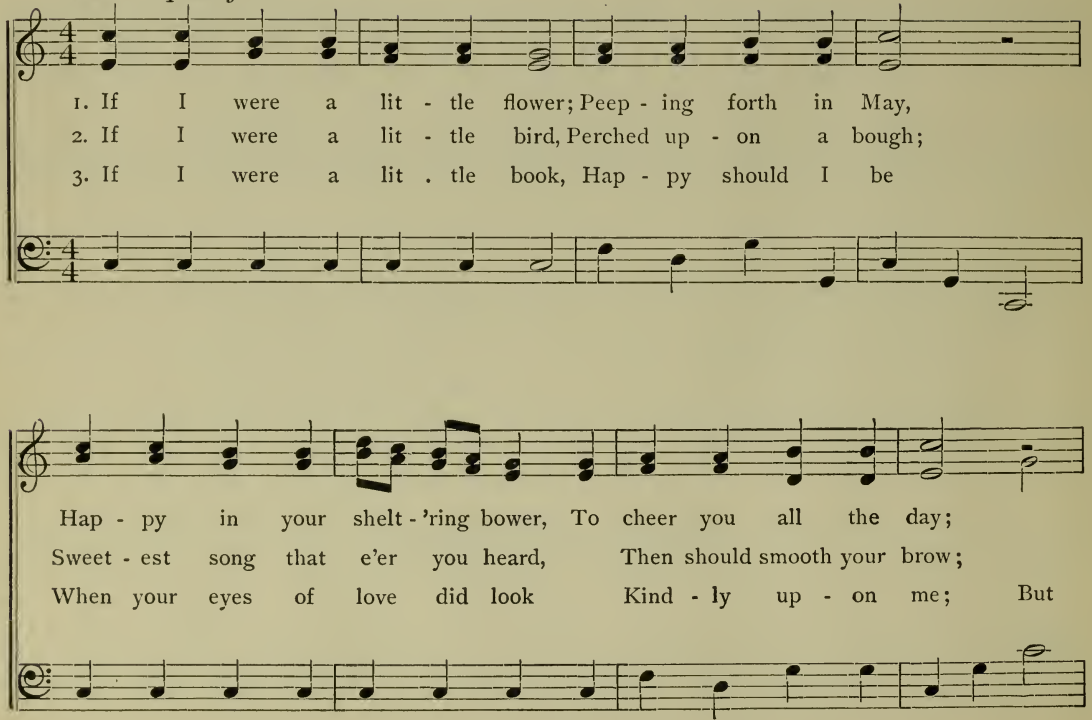
RAISE YOUR VOICES.

(Round in Four Parts.)

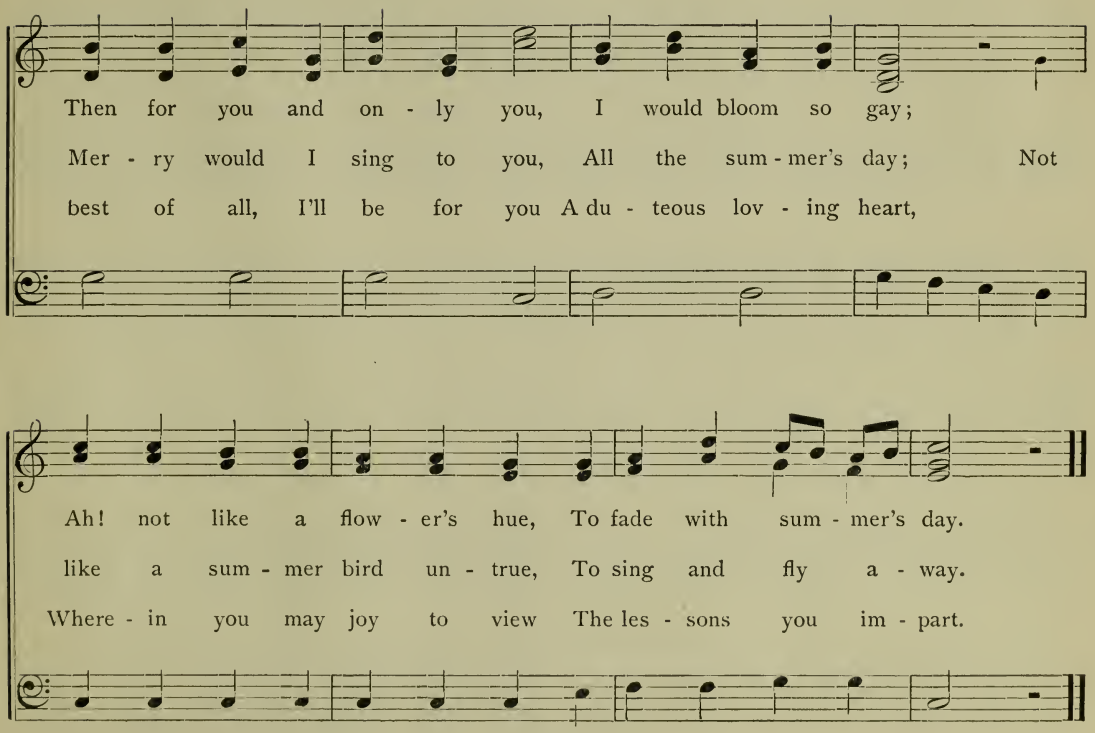


THE BIRD, THE BOOK, AND THE FLOWER.

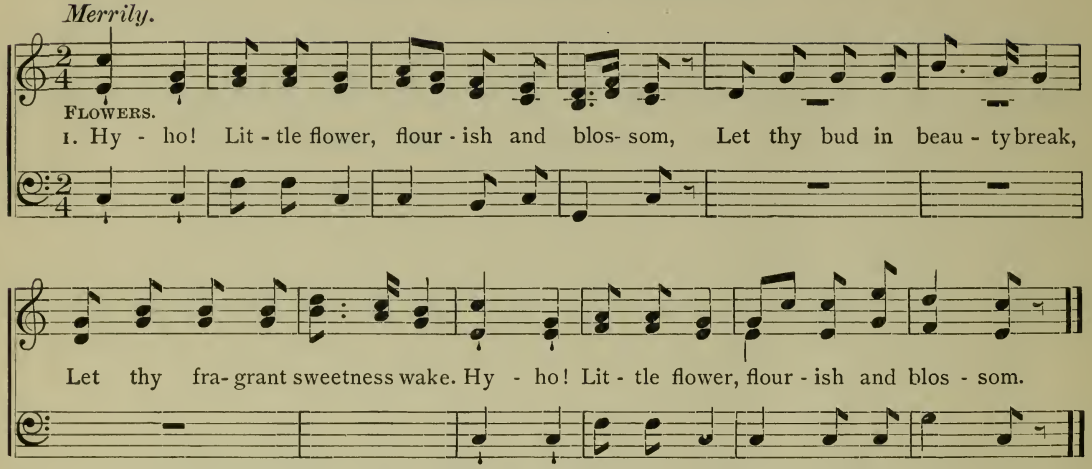
With simplicity.



THE BIRD, THE BOOK, AND THE FLOWER. Concluded.



THE SWEETS OF SPRING.



2. ZEPHYRS.

Hyho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us!
Mild the sky that smiles above,
Earth beneath is filled with love;
Hyho! Gentle breeze, kindly regale us!

3. STREAMLETS.

Hyho! Meadow streams, welcome your flowing!
Hie along, 'midst hills and dells,
Bright your silvery rippling swells;
Hyho! Meadow streams, sweet is your flowing!

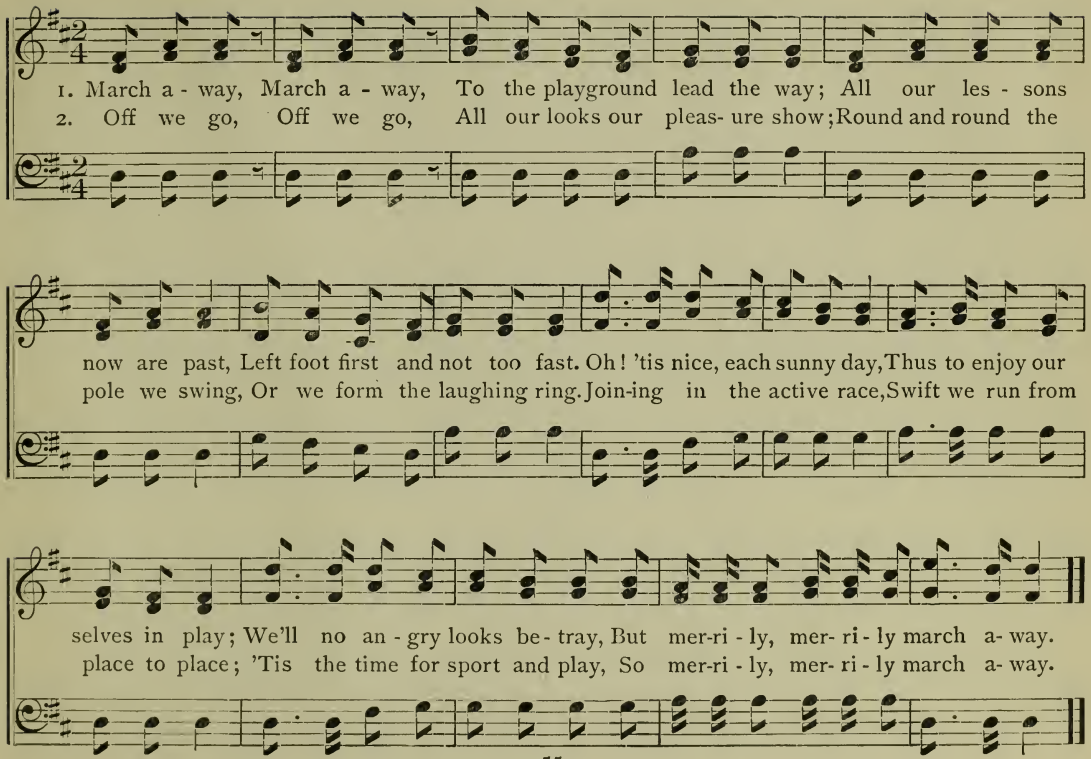
4. BIRDS.

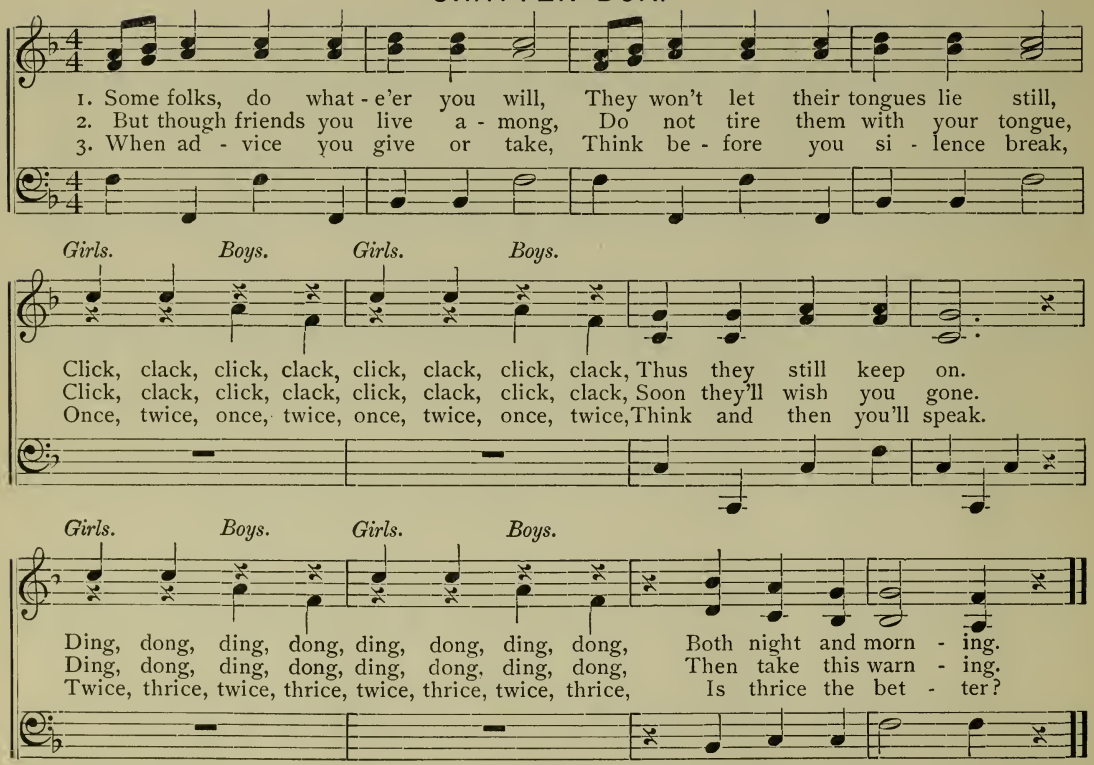
Hyho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures!
While ye pass on nimble wing,
Let your gladdening music ring:
Hyho! Birds of Spring, sing forth your pleasures!

5. MAN.

Hyho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing!
Wilt thou let thyself be sad,
When all else around is glad?
Hyho! Heart of man, join the rejoicing!

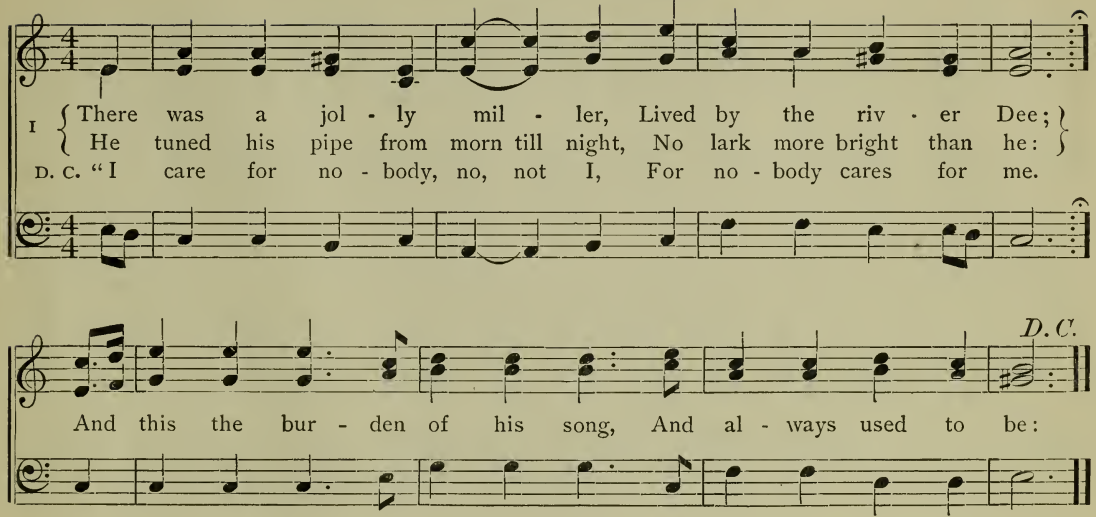
MARCH AWAY.


1. March a - way, March a - way, To the playground lead the way; All our les - sons
2. Off we go, Off we go, All our looks our pleas- ure show; Round and round the
now are past, Left foot first and not too fast. Oh! 'tis nice, each sunny day, Thus to enjoy our
pole we swing, Or we form the laughing ring. Join-ing in the active race, Swift we run from
selves in play; We'll no an - gry looks be - tray, But mer-ri - ly, mer- ri - ly march a- way.
place to place; 'Tis the time for sport and play, So mer-ri - ly, mer- ri - ly march a- way.

CHATTER BOX.

1. Some folks, do what - e'er you will, They won't let their tongues lie still,
2. But though friends you live a - mong, Do not tire them with your tongue,
3. When ad - vice you give or take, Think be - fore you si - lence break,
Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys.
Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Thus they still keep on.
Click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, click, clack, Soon they'll wish you gone.
Once, twice, once, twice, once, twice, once, twice, Think and then you'll speak.
Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Both night and morn - ing.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Then take this warn - ing.
Twice, thrice, twice, thrice, twice, thrice, twice, thrice, Is thrice the bet - ter?

THE JOLLY MILLER.

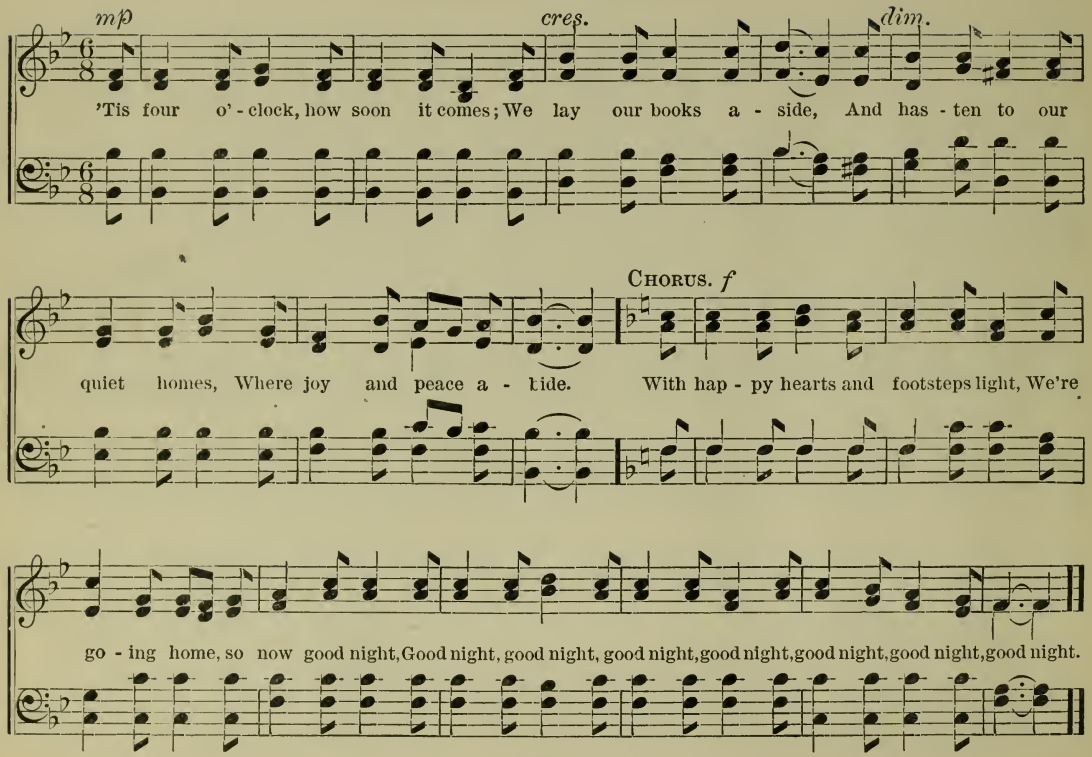
OLD ENGLISH.



2 A noble lord, who lived hard by,
Sent for this miller one day,
And asking various questions,
Among the rest did say:
"How comes it, miller, that every day
You are so full of glee?"
Quoth Ralph, "I care for nobody, no,
For nobody cares for me."

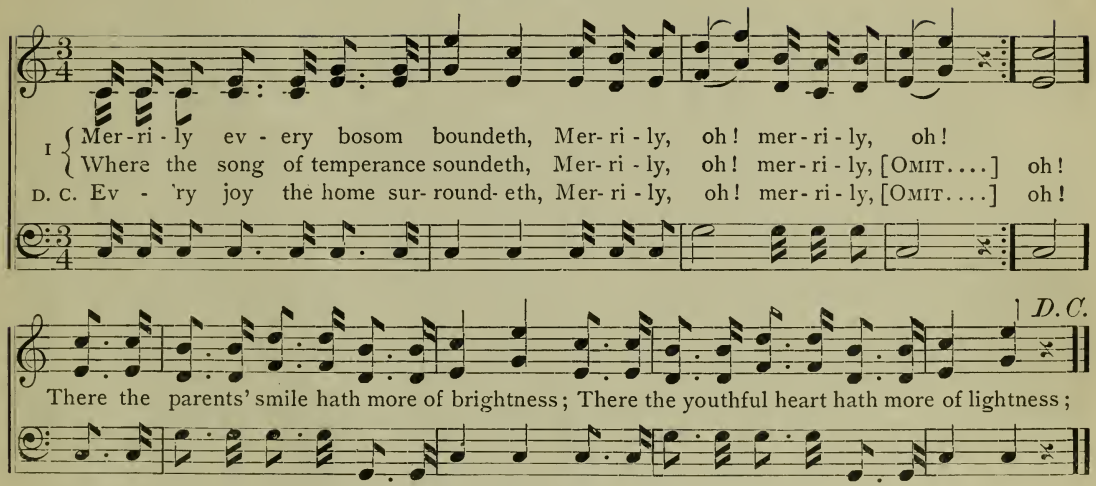
3 "The reason of your happiness
I should be glad to know."
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell your lordship
Before that I do go:
I pay my rent at quarterday,
My wife and I agree;
I care for nobody, no, not I,
For nobody cares for me."

'TIS FOUR O'CLOCK.



MERRILY, OH!

A Temperance Song.



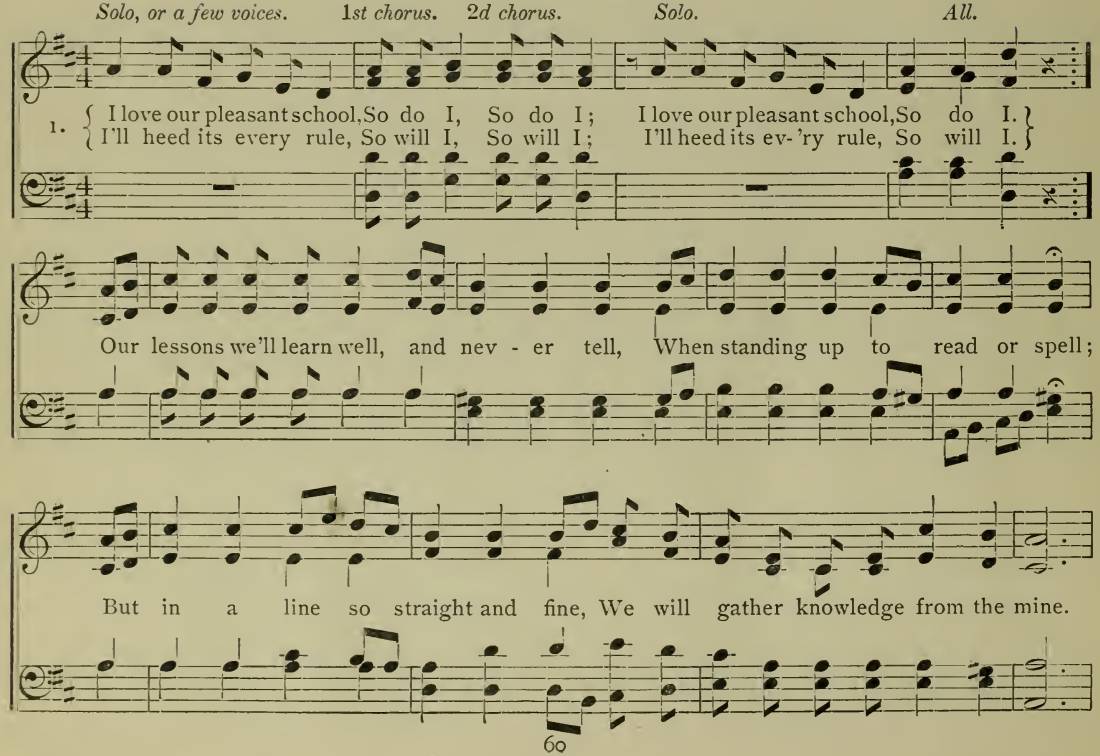
Note.—In the second verse, the minor may be introduced with good effect (where there is an instrument to guide) by substituting E flat for E, throughout.

2 Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where so dire, intemperance twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
There the parent's smile doth yield to sadness,
There the youthful heart hath nought of gladness.
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

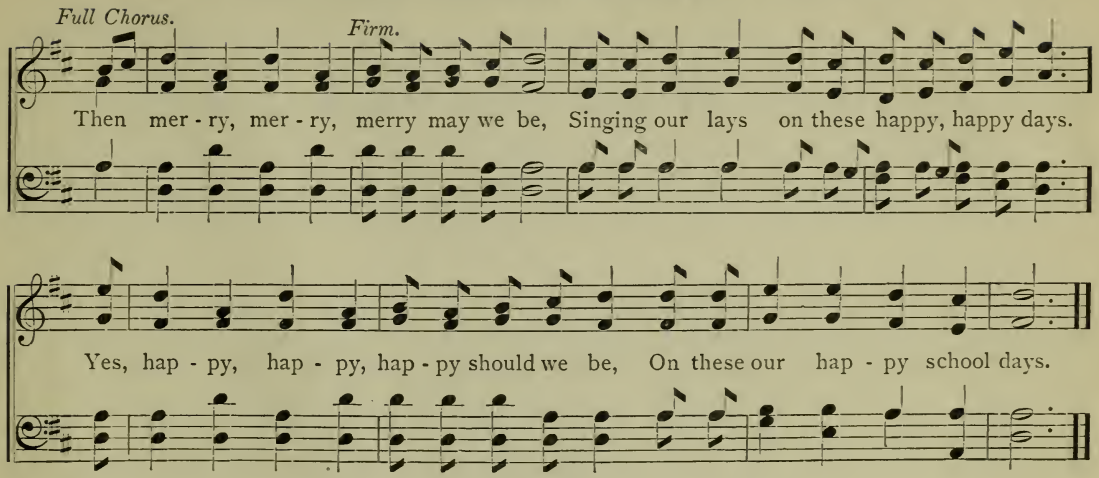
3 Cheerily, then, awake the chorus.
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Abstinence will to peace restore us,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Then the parents' smile will beam the clearest;
Then the parents' hope will be the dearest;
Every joy be then before us,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

I LOVE OUR PLEASANT SCHOOL.

[Dialogue Song.]



I LOVE OUR PLEASANT SCHOOL. Concluded.



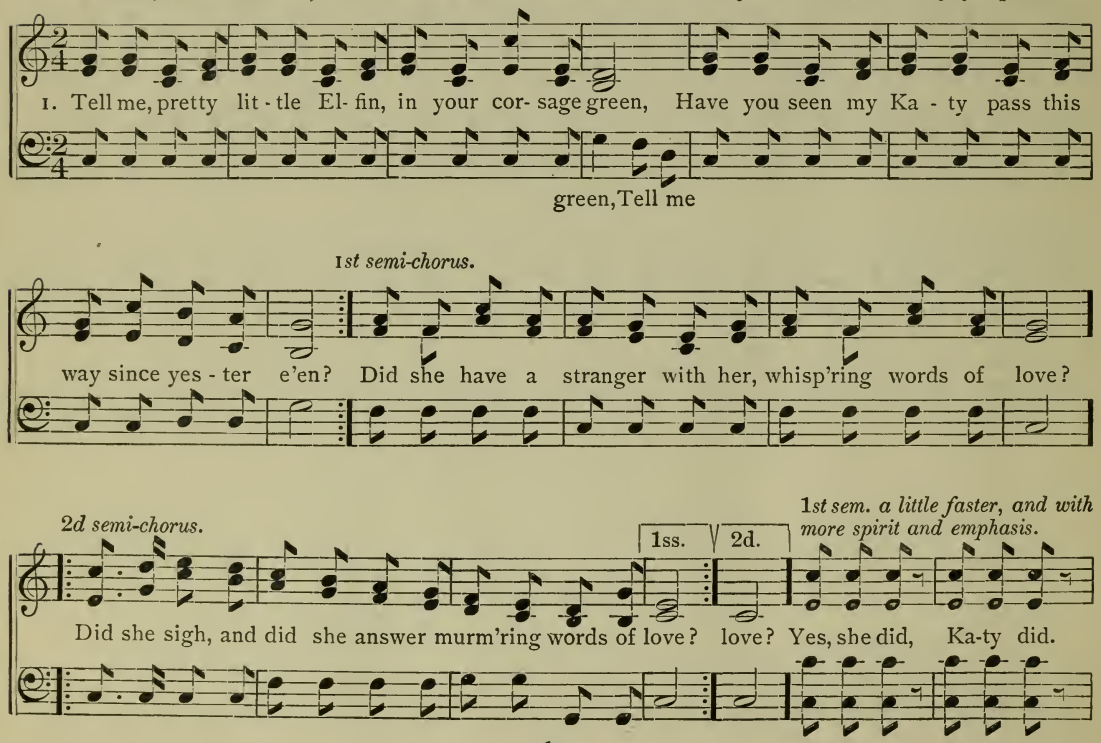
2. I love my books so dear, so do I, so do I;
I love my books so dear, so do I.
I'll study all the year, so will I, so will I;
I'll study all the year, so will I,
If in school I don't play, but learn each day,
I'll be wise and good when I'm gray.
So we'll work and sing, like birds on the wing,
Crown'd shall we be by the sheaves we bring.

Then merry, merry, merry may we be, Singing our lays on these happy, happy days.
Yes, happy, happy, happy should we be, On these our happy school days.

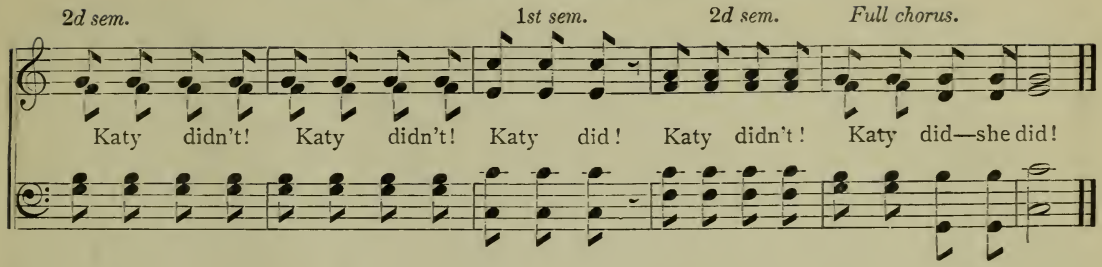
These responses should be given promptly by the two choruses or divisions of the school, as—first, boys; second, girls.

KATY DID, KATY DIDN'T.

First time, 1st semi-chorus; second time, 2d semi-chorus. *With gentleness and delicacy of expression.*



KATY DID, KATY DIDN'T. Concluded.



2. Hush, ye streamlets, cease your music, winding through the vale;
Still, my heart, your fearful throbbings startle hill and dale.
I would ask you, pretty Elfin, thou in emerald vest,
Did she lay her tresses kindly on the stranger's breast?
Yes, she did, etc.

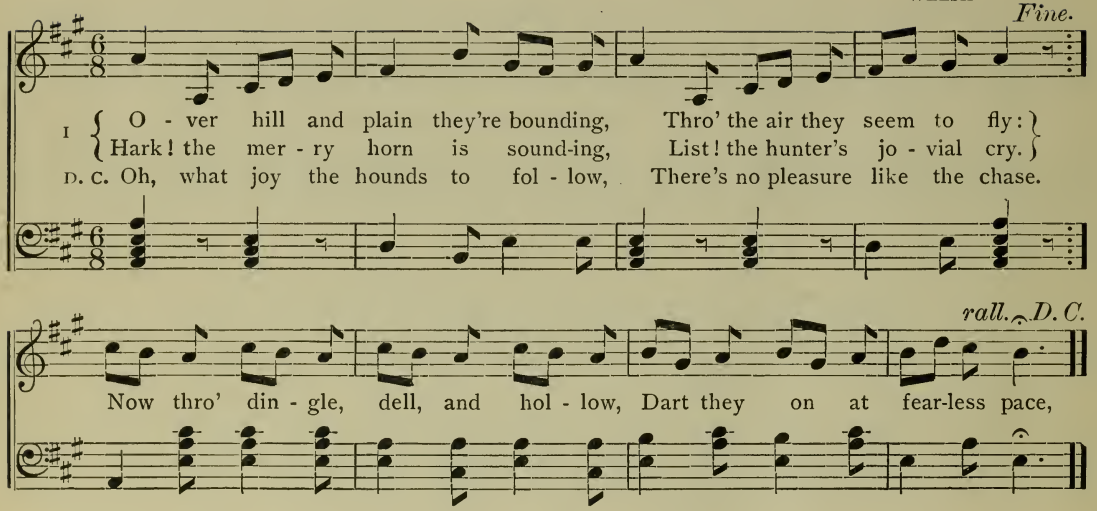
3. O! thou cruel little Elf, is what you tell me true?
Did she say, with curling lip, that me she never knew?
Did she promise, 'neath the bower, him her treacherous heart?
Did she vow by Luna's beam they ne'er again should part?
Yes, she did, etc.

4. Sing ye warblers, sing ye woodlands, sing ye listless breeze;
Zephyrs, bearing on your bosom balm from distant seas,
Gather round a heart that's broken, still, oh! still for aye,
Sing of Katy's faithful love, that ever-sorrowing cry.
Yes, she did, etc.

This piece may be sung with very pleasing effect by having full chorus on the first two lines, one or more soprano and one or more alto voices on the third and fourth lines, repeating the last line. Girls sing "Katy did," boys sing "Katy didn't."

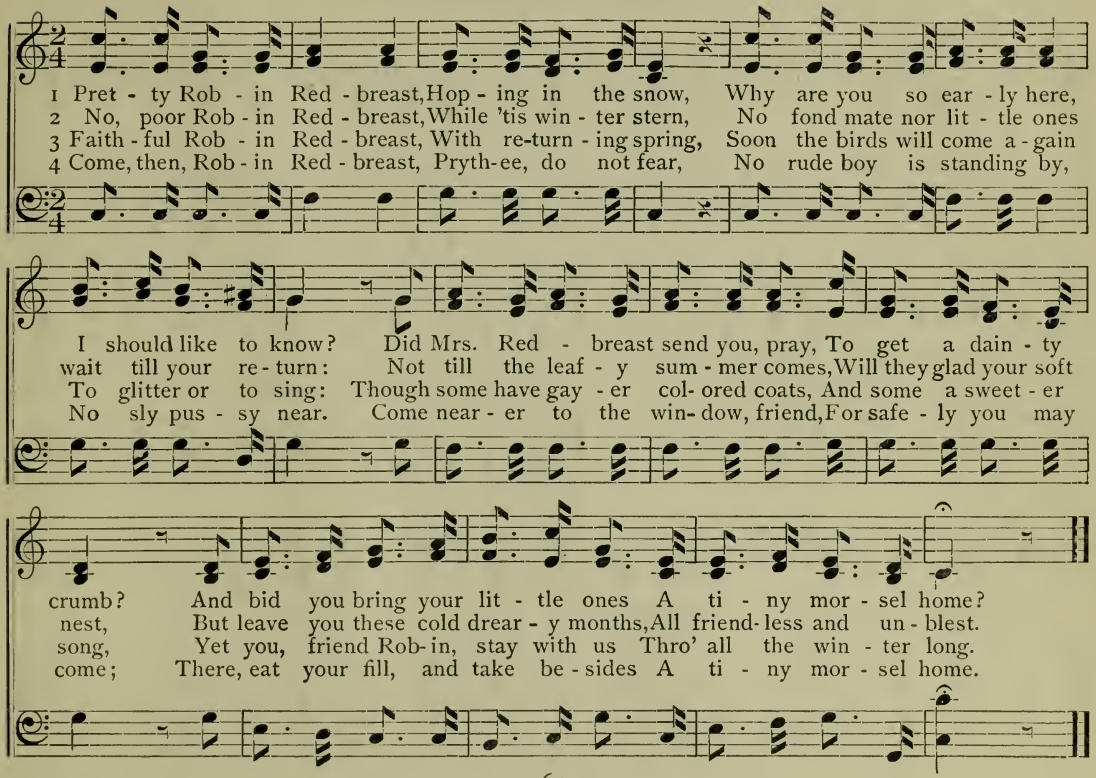
HUNTING THE HARE

WELSH.



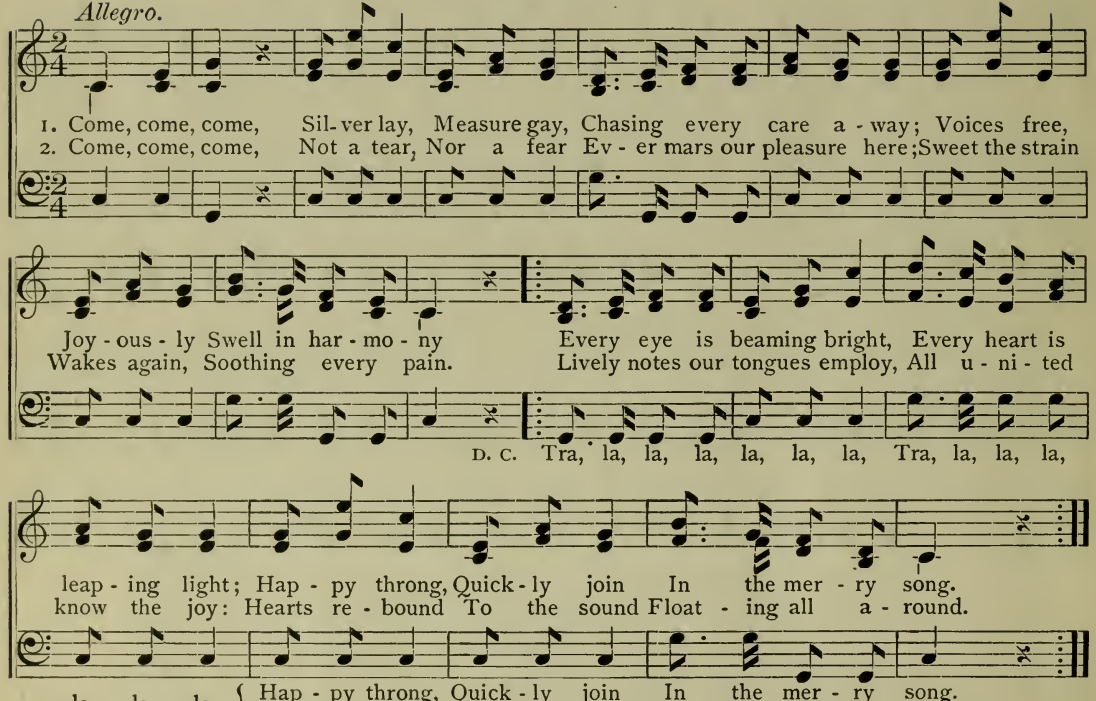
2 When the days glad sport is over,
Seated in the baron's hall,
Round the festive board discover
Gallant hunters, one and all—
Laughing, loudly joking, singing,
As the time goes round apace,
While the ancient roof is ringing
With the glories of the chase.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

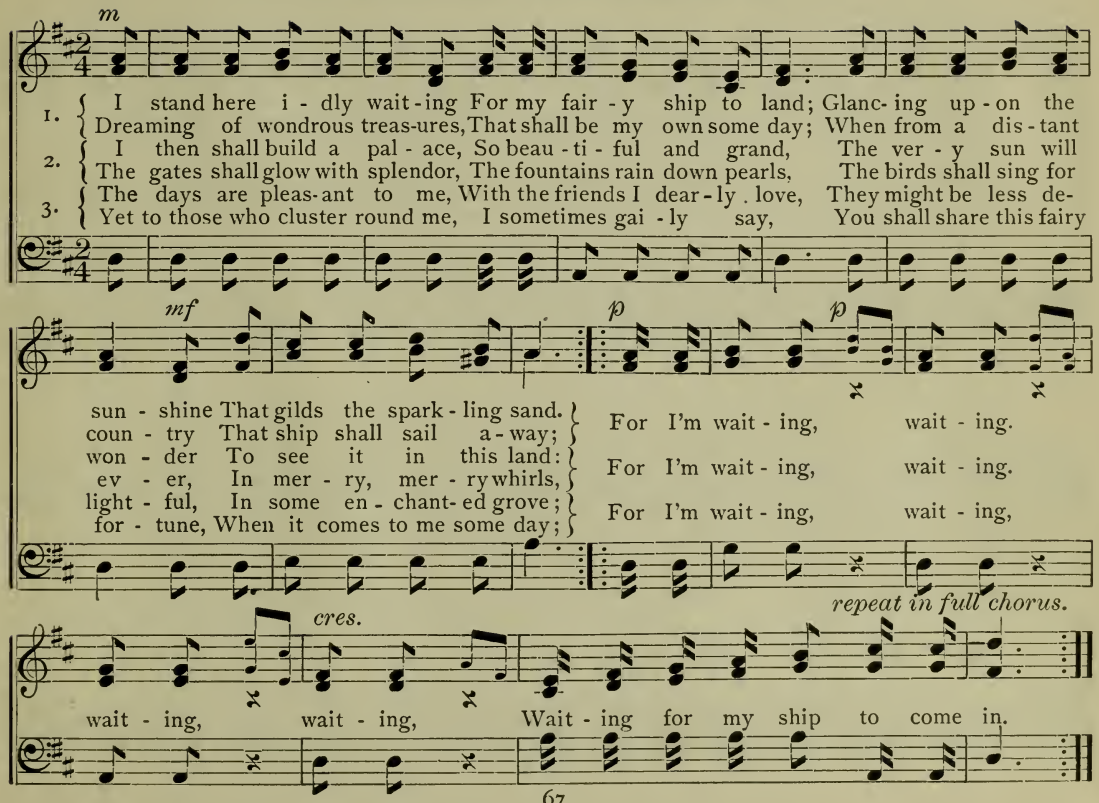


THE SINGER'S INVITATION.

SONG FOR RECREATION.

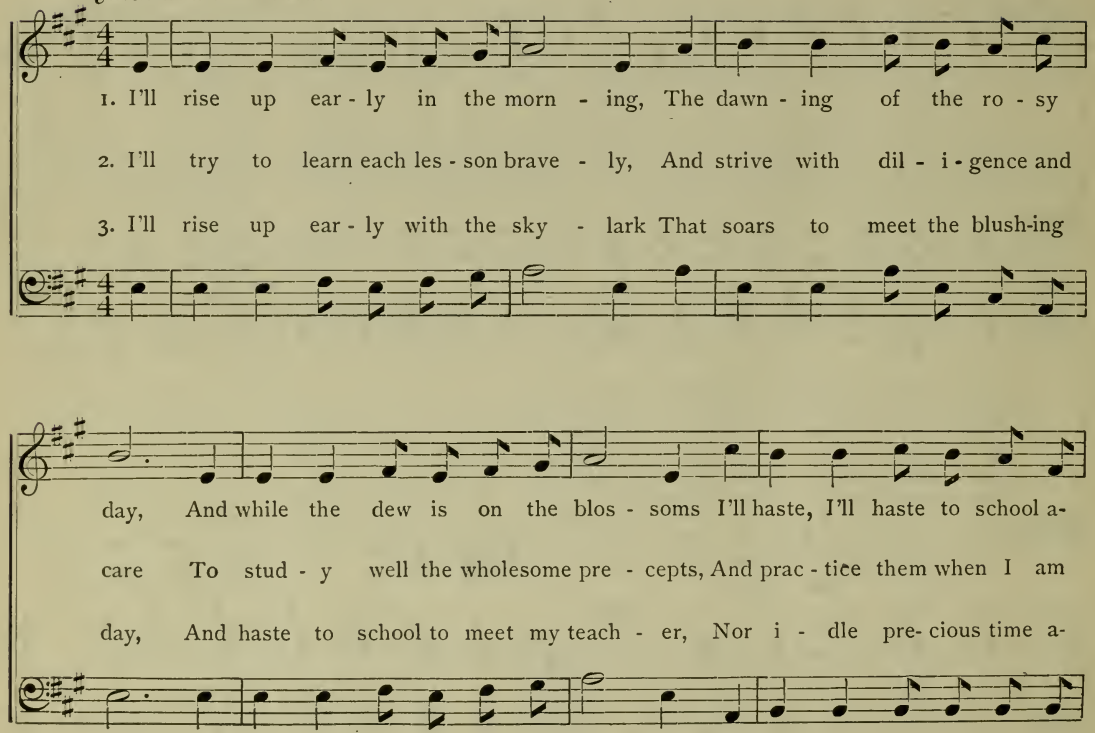


WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

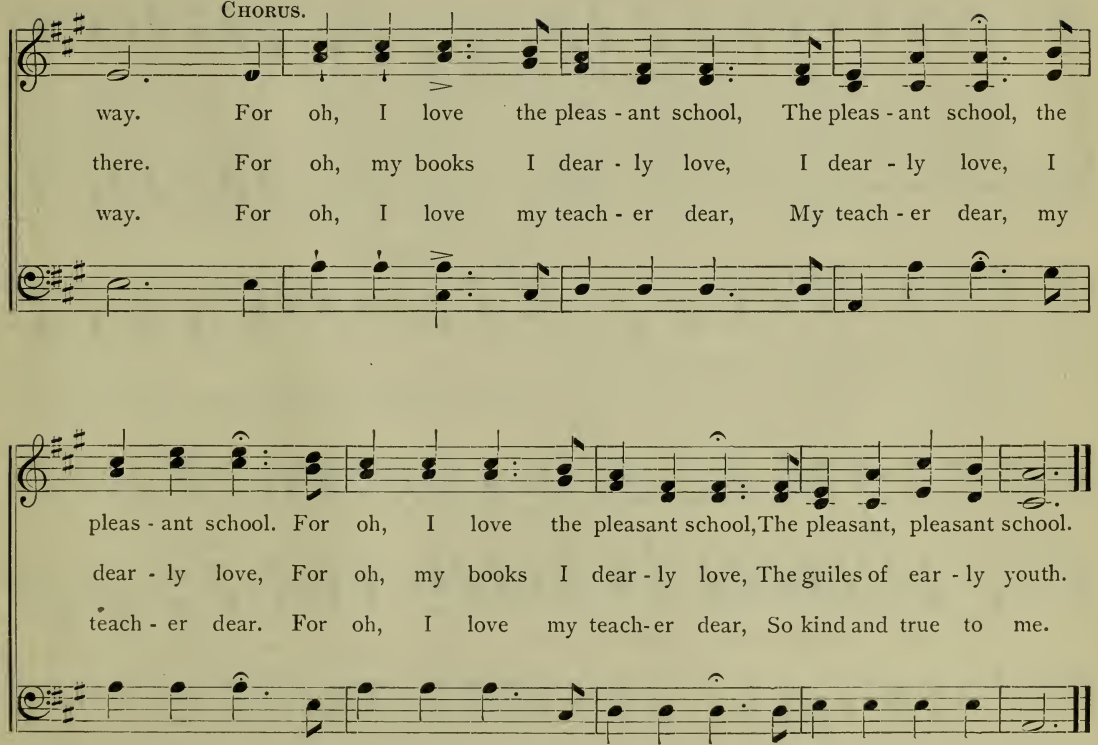


I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.

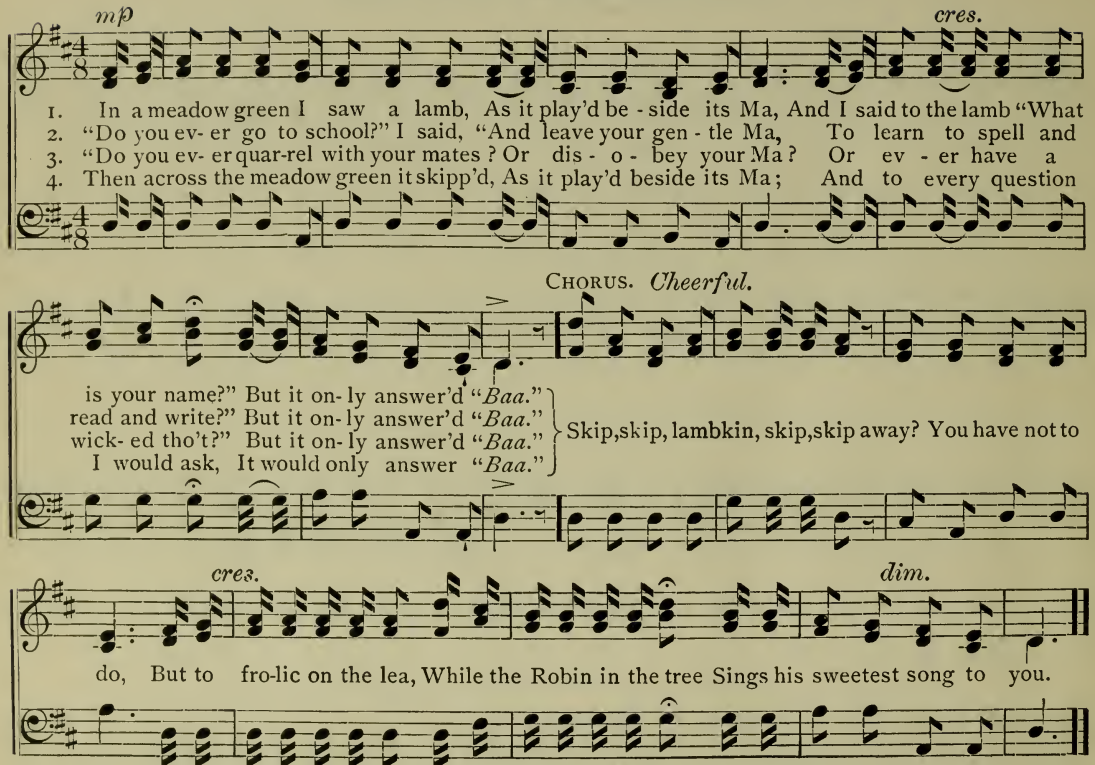
Quick and animated.



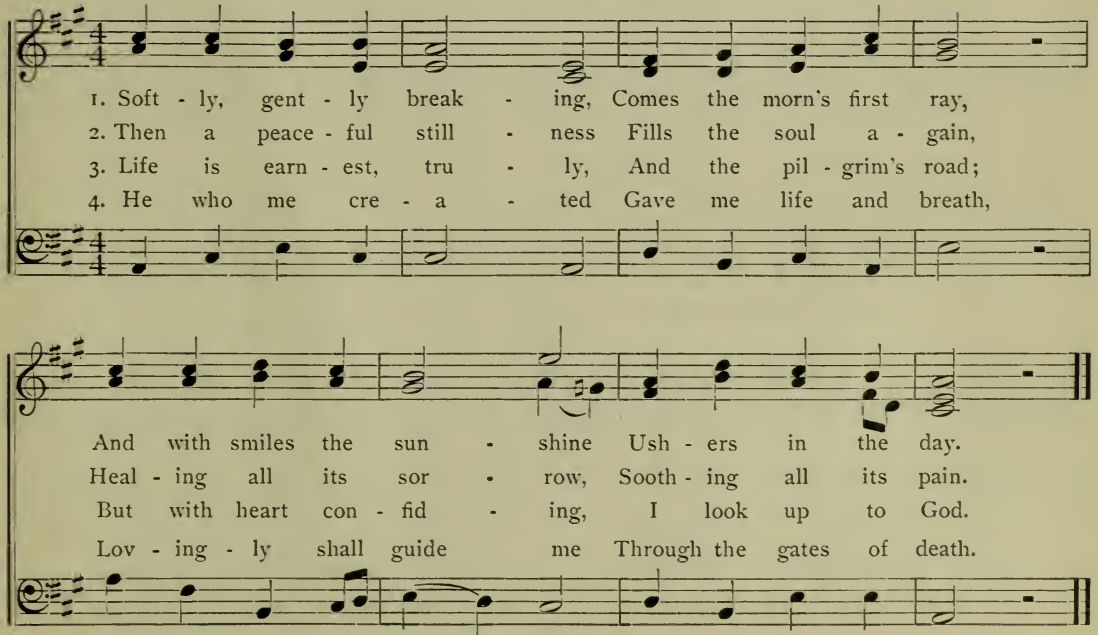
I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING. Concluded.

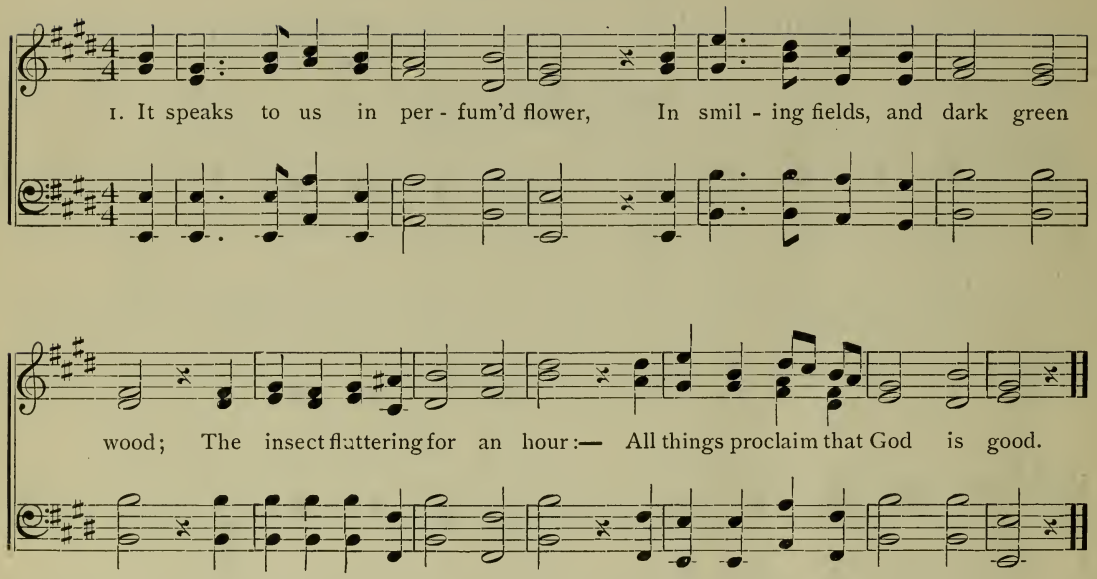


WHAT THE LAMBKIN SAID.



Songs for Opening School.

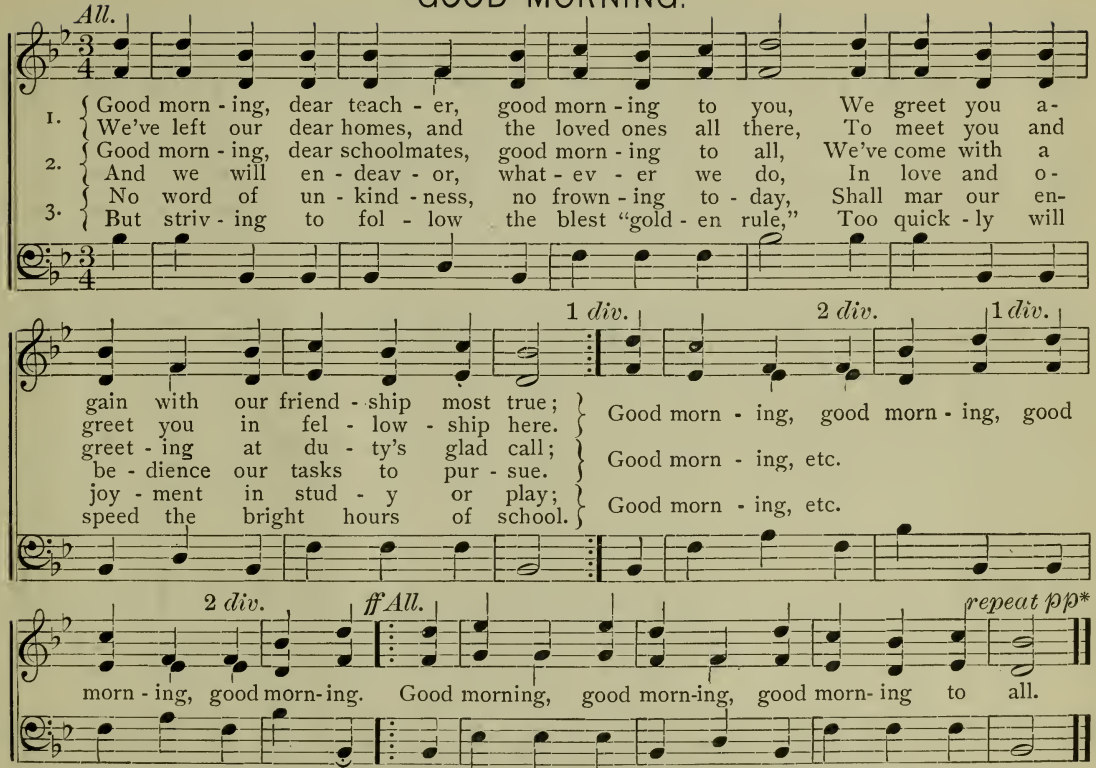
MORNING SONG.

GOD IS GOOD.



2 I hear it in the rushing wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
Are still repeating God is good.

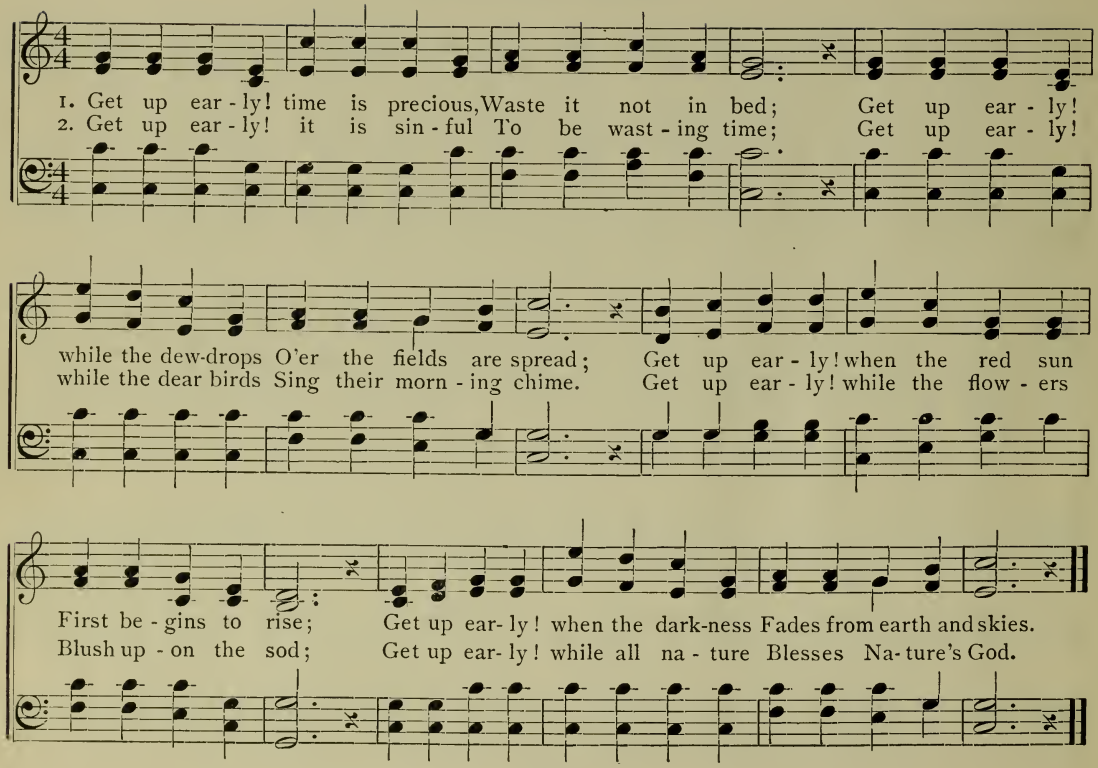
3 The restless main, with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus, God is good.

GOOD MORNING.

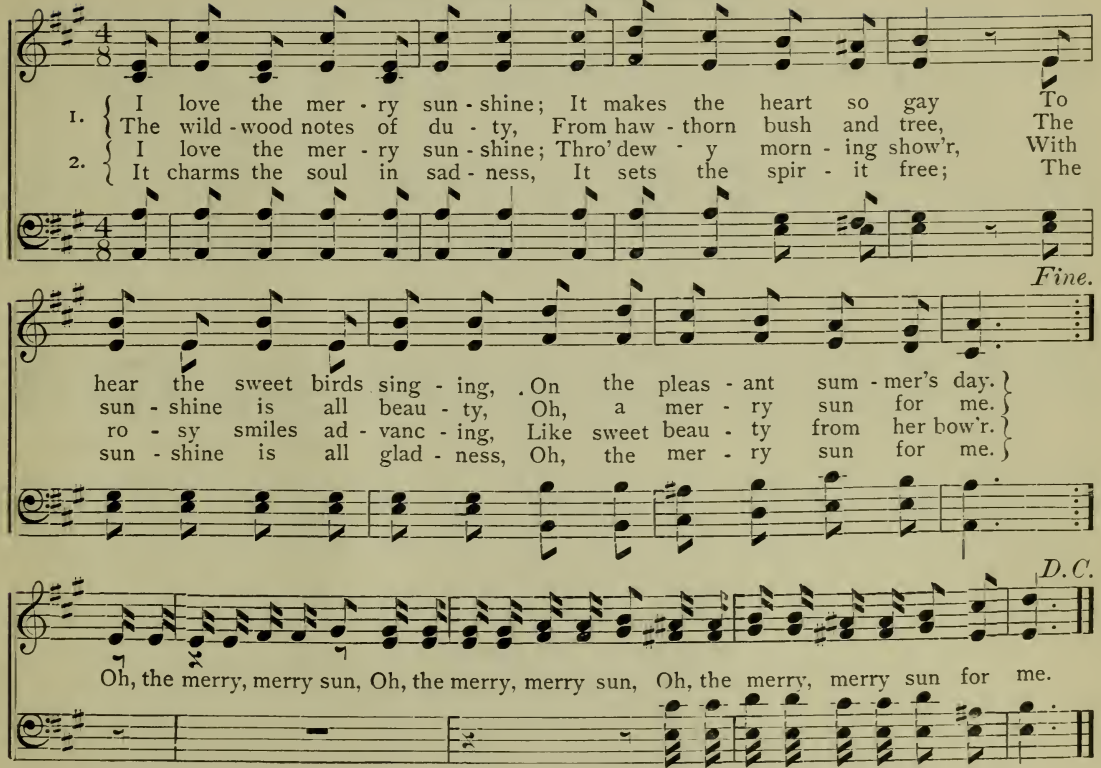


*In a concert this may be sung with pleasing effect as an echo by pupils at a distance.

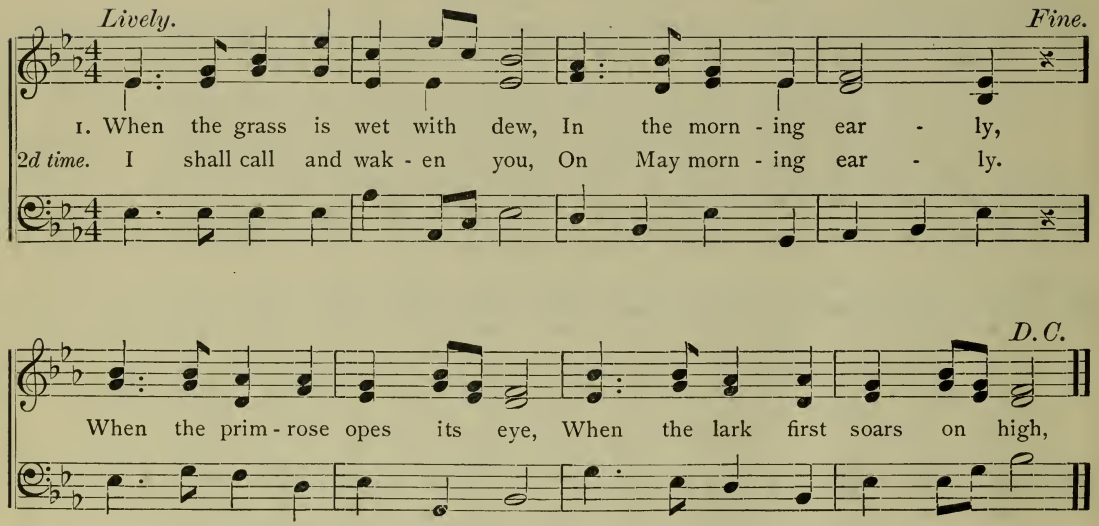
GET UP EARLY.


1. Get up ear - ly! time is precious, Waste it not in bed; Get up ear - ly!
2. Get up ear - ly! it is sin - ful To be wast - ing time; Get up ear - ly!
while the dew-drops O'er the fields are spread; Get up ear - ly! when the red sun
while the dear birds Sing their morn - ing chime. Get up ear - ly! while the flow - ers
First be - gins to rise; Get up ear- ly! when the dark-ness Fades from earth and skies.
Blush up - on the sod; Get up ear- ly! while all na - ture Blesses Na- ture's God.

THE MERRY SUNSHINE.



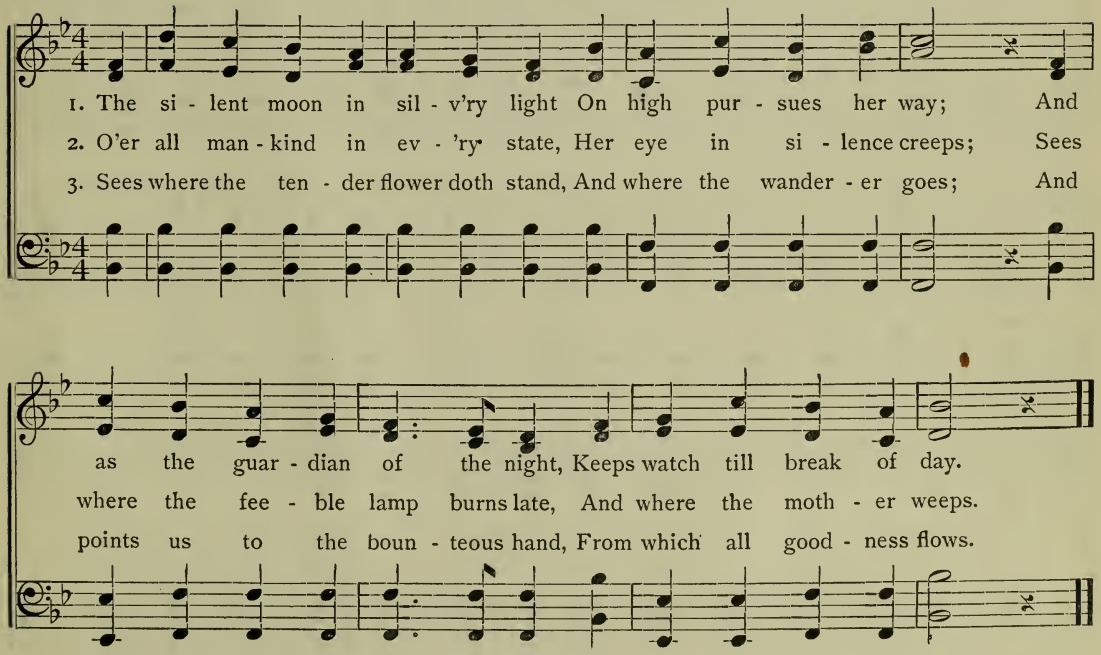
IN THE MORNING EARLY.

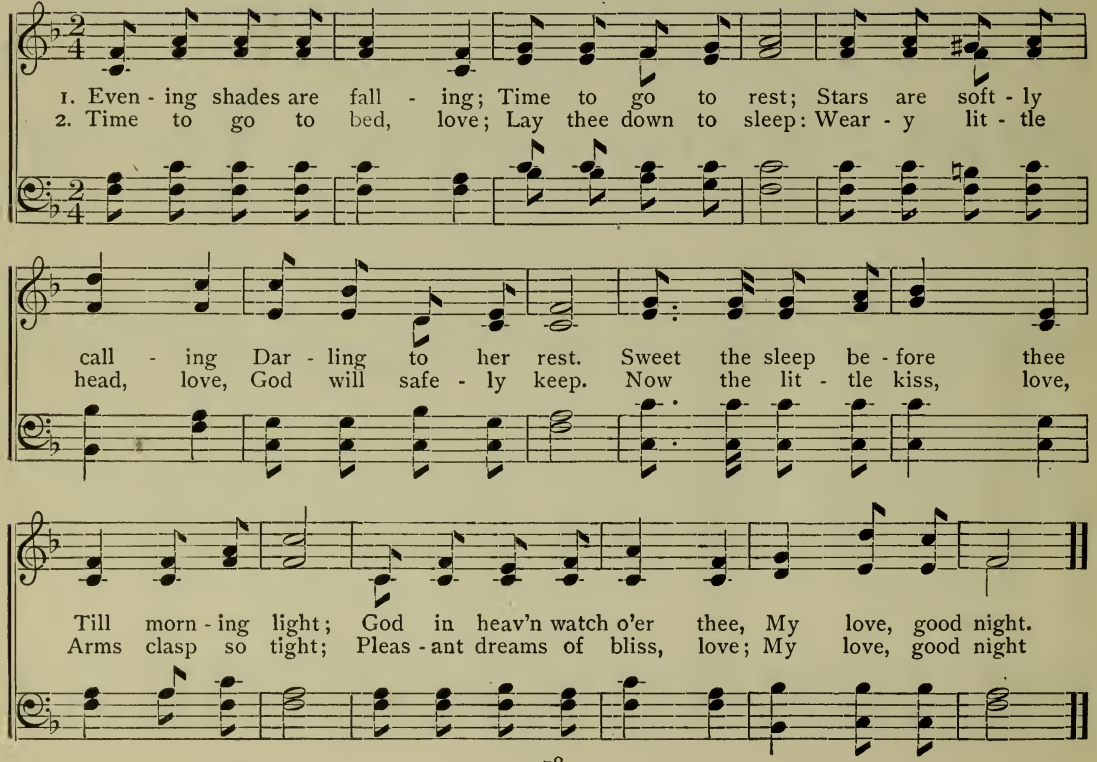


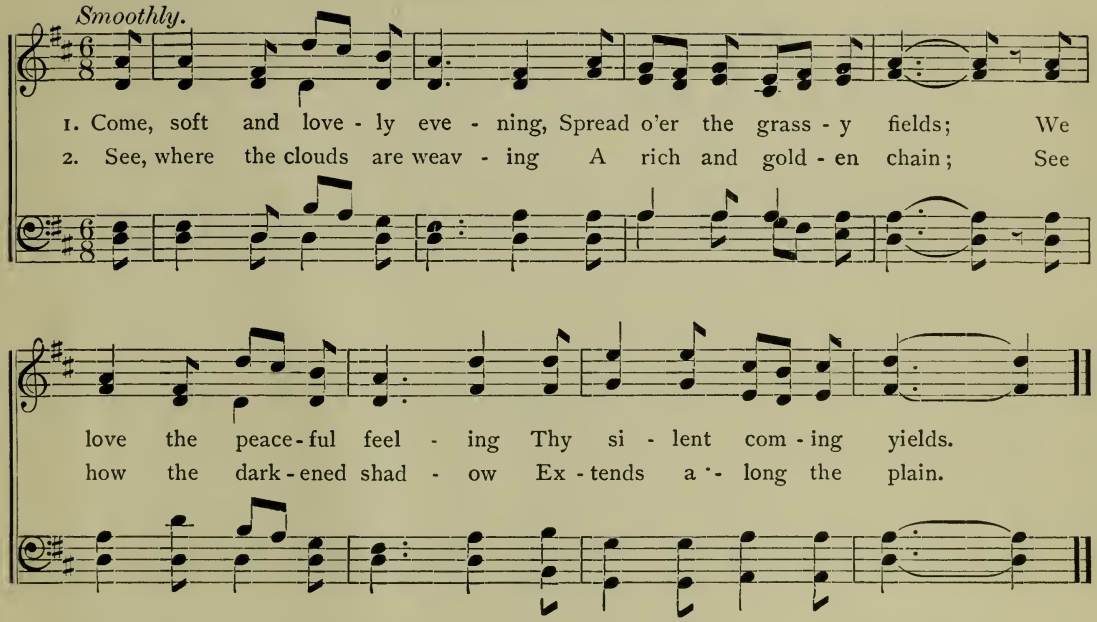
2 Beauty lurks among the dew,
On May morning early,
Birds await us with their lay,
Flow'rs shed fragrance o'er our way,
So I'll call and waken you
On May morning early.

Songs for Closing School.

THE SILENT MOON.



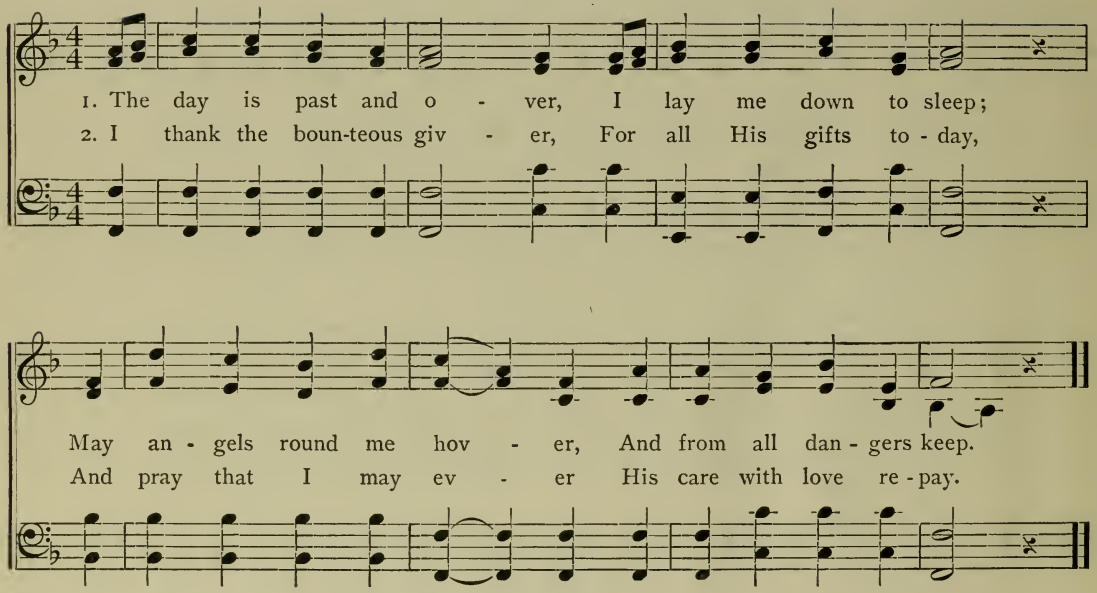
DARLING, GO TO REST.

EVENING SONG.



3 All nature now is silent,
Except the passing breeze
And birds, their night song warbling,
Among the dewy trees.

4 Sweet evening, thou art with us,
So tranquil, mild, and still;
Thou dost our thankful bosoms
With humble praises fill.

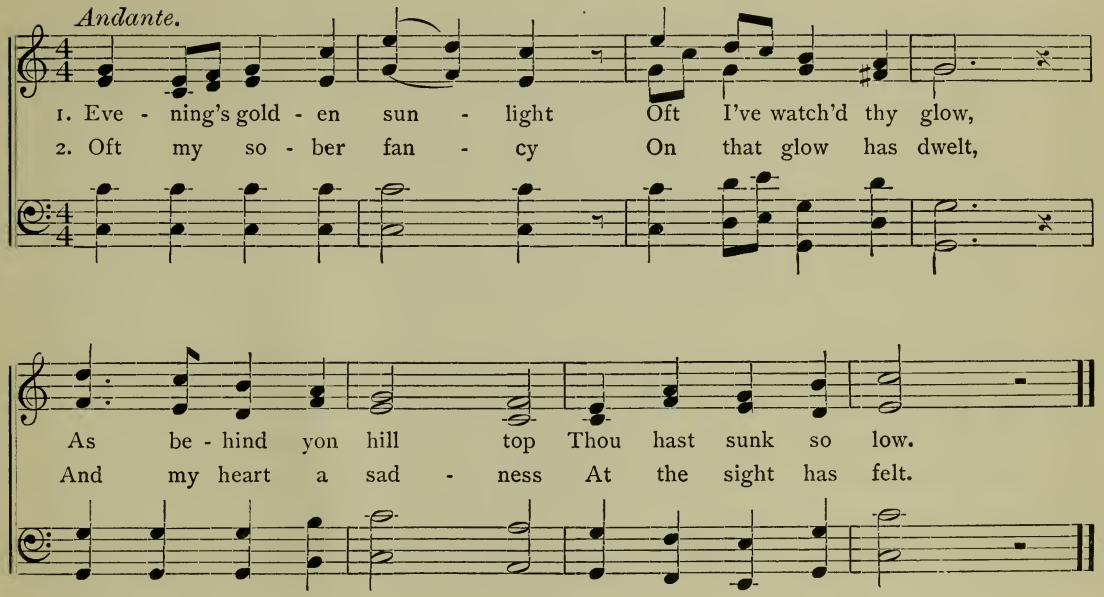
THE DAY IS PAST.



3 I pray Him to forgive me
For ev'ry sin this day,
And always strength to give me
His statutes to obey.

4 I pray Him to awake me
At early morning gleam,
And when I die to take me
To dwell in Heaven with Him.

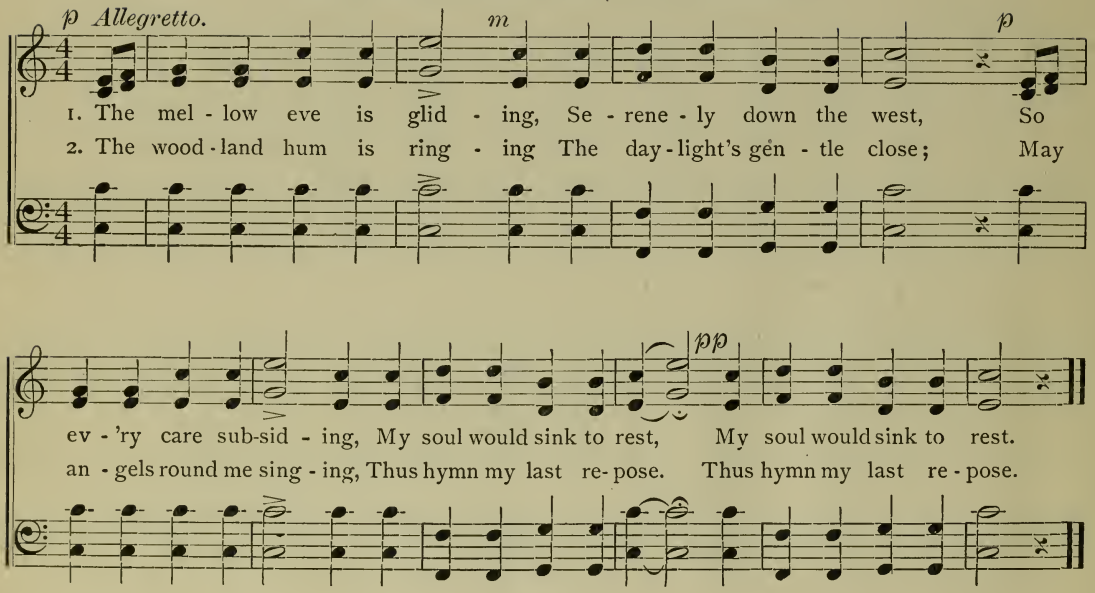
EVENING'S GOLDEN SUNLIGHT.



3 Felt as though another
Brighter, better light,
Lent a chast'ning vision
On my inward sight.

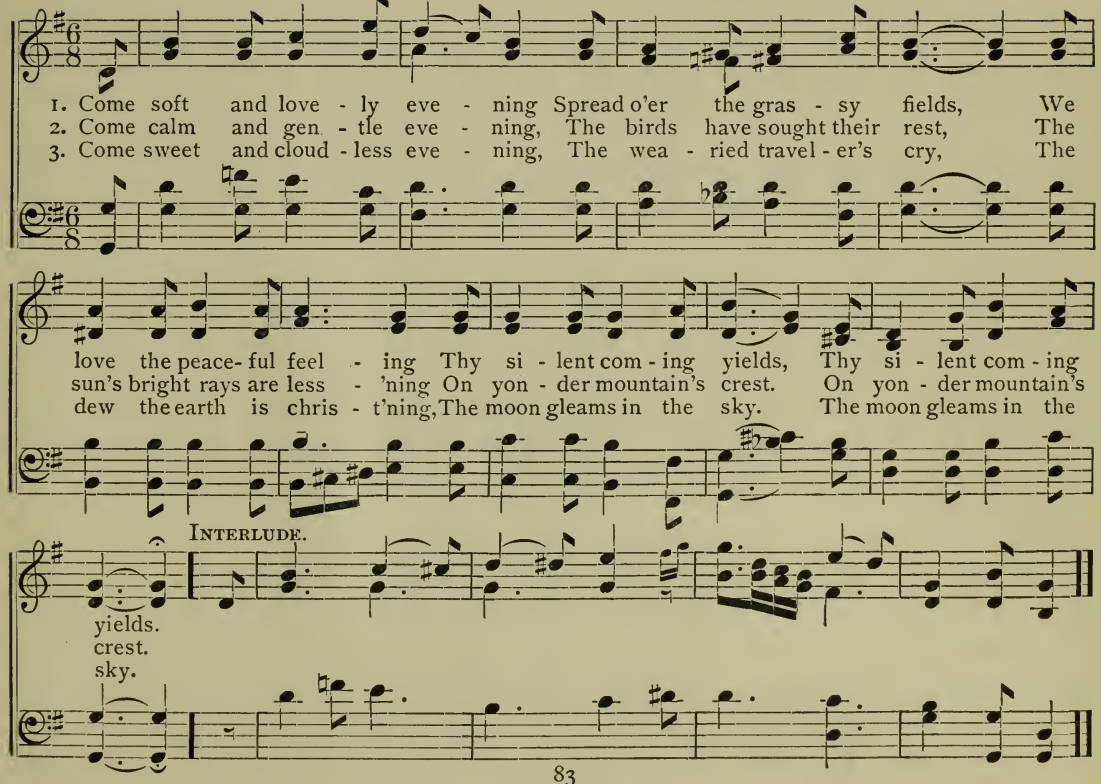
4 From the same Creator,
Each can trace his birth;
Thee he dressed in glory,
Me he formed from earth.

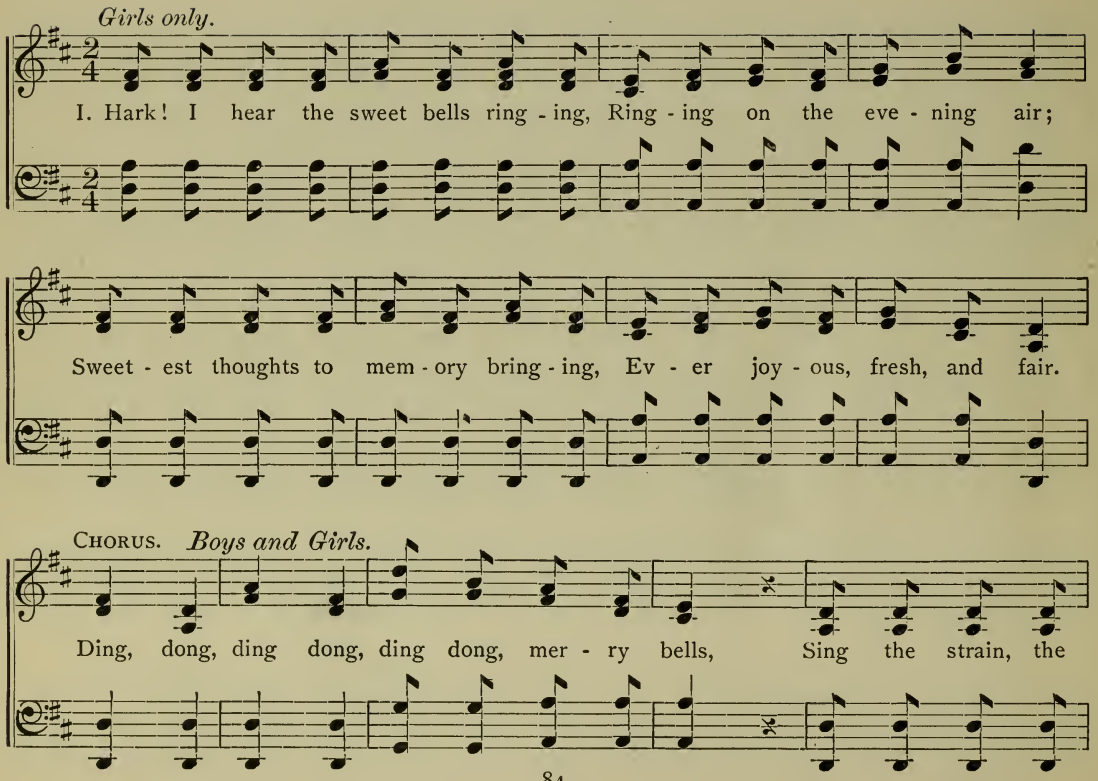
THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING.

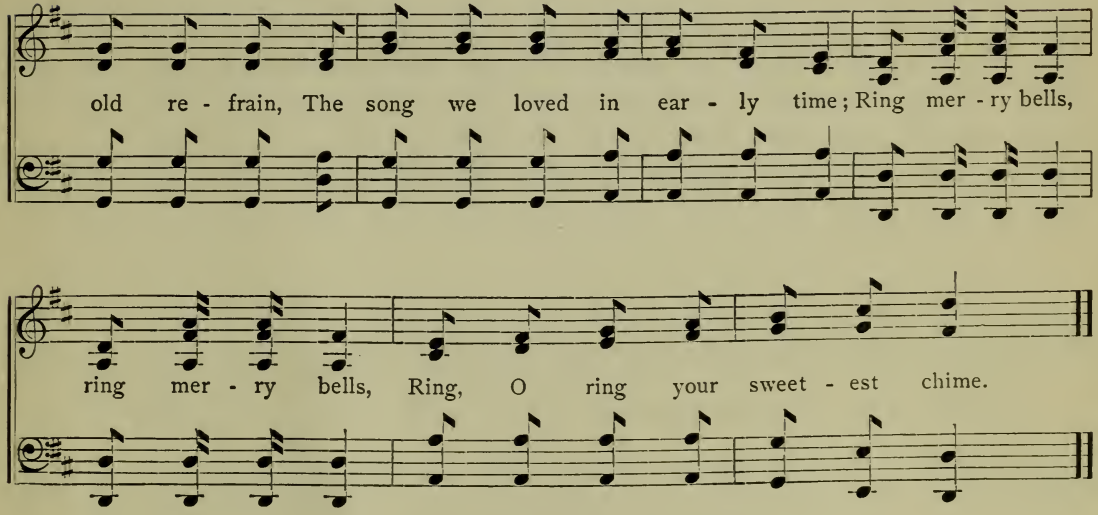


3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning
The morrow's light shall break,
Oh, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

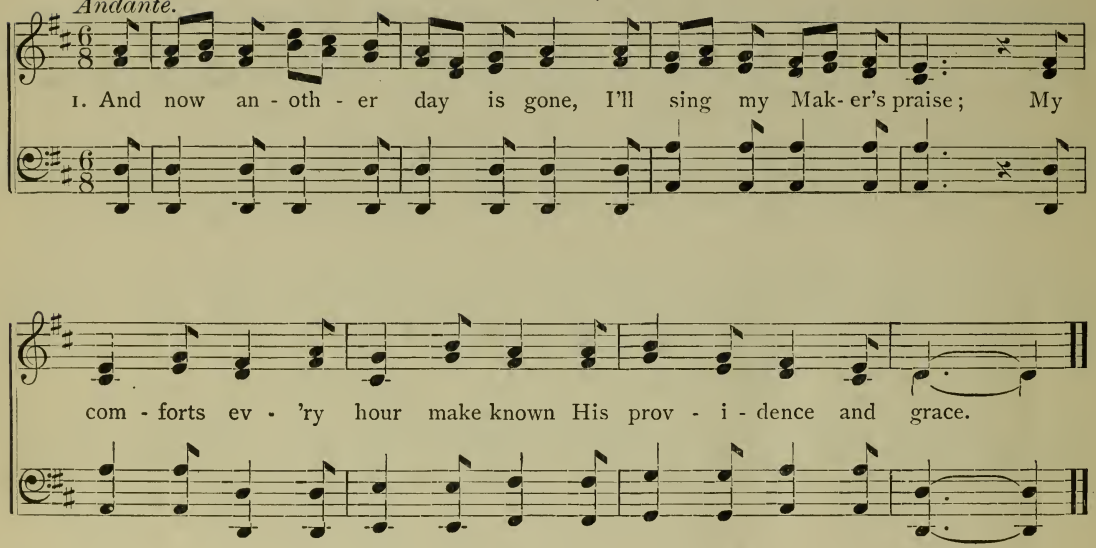
AN EVENING SONG.

EVENING BELLS.



EVENING BELLS. Concluded.

2 Ring ye bells your sweetest measure,
How I love your tones to hear;
And my heart is full of pleasure
As they fall upon my ear.

Ding dong, etc.

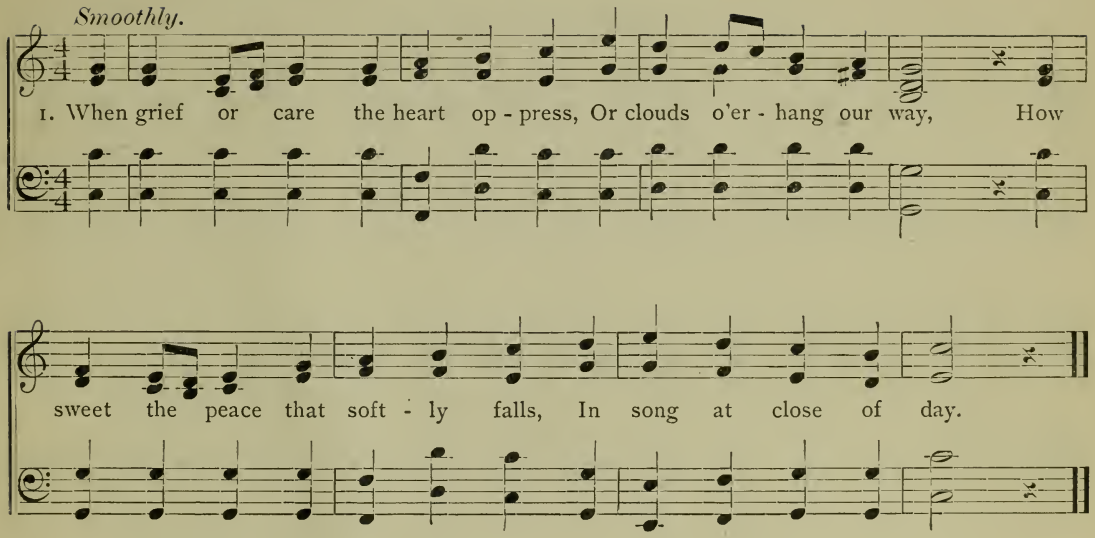
A SONG AT EVENING.



2 I lay my body down to sleep
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep,
Their watch around my bed.

3 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

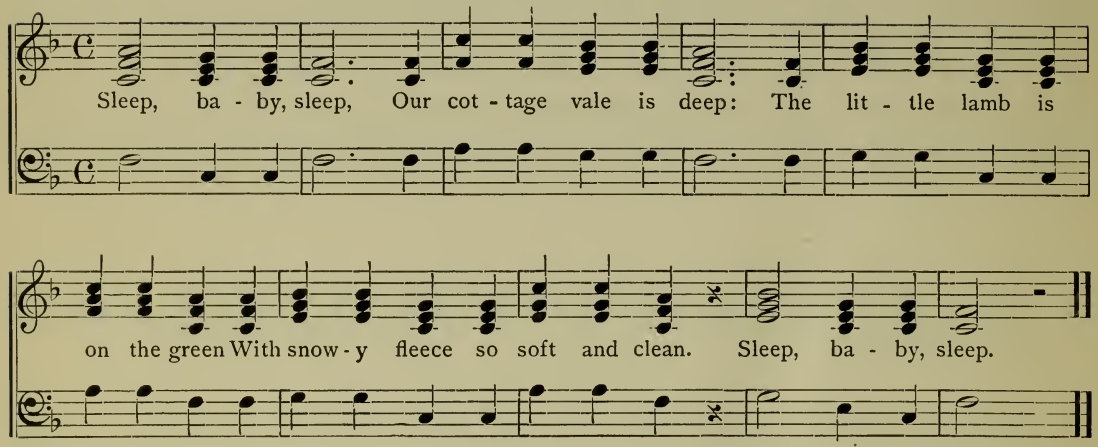
SONG AT CLOSE.



2 Then lofty dreams of surer bliss,
Across our fancy stray,
And holy thoughts like incense rise
With song at close of day.

3 O softly, sweetly let us sing
The chorus grave or gay,
Still strong, still dear the magic spell
Of song at close of day.

SLEEP, BABY SLEEP.

AN AMERICAN CRADLE SONG.

2 Sleep, baby, sleep,
Near where the woodbines creep,
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child.
Sleep, baby sleep.

3 Sleep, baby sleep,
Thy rest shall angels keep,
While on the grass the lambs shall feed,
And never suffer want nor need.
Sleep, baby sleep.

THE END.

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